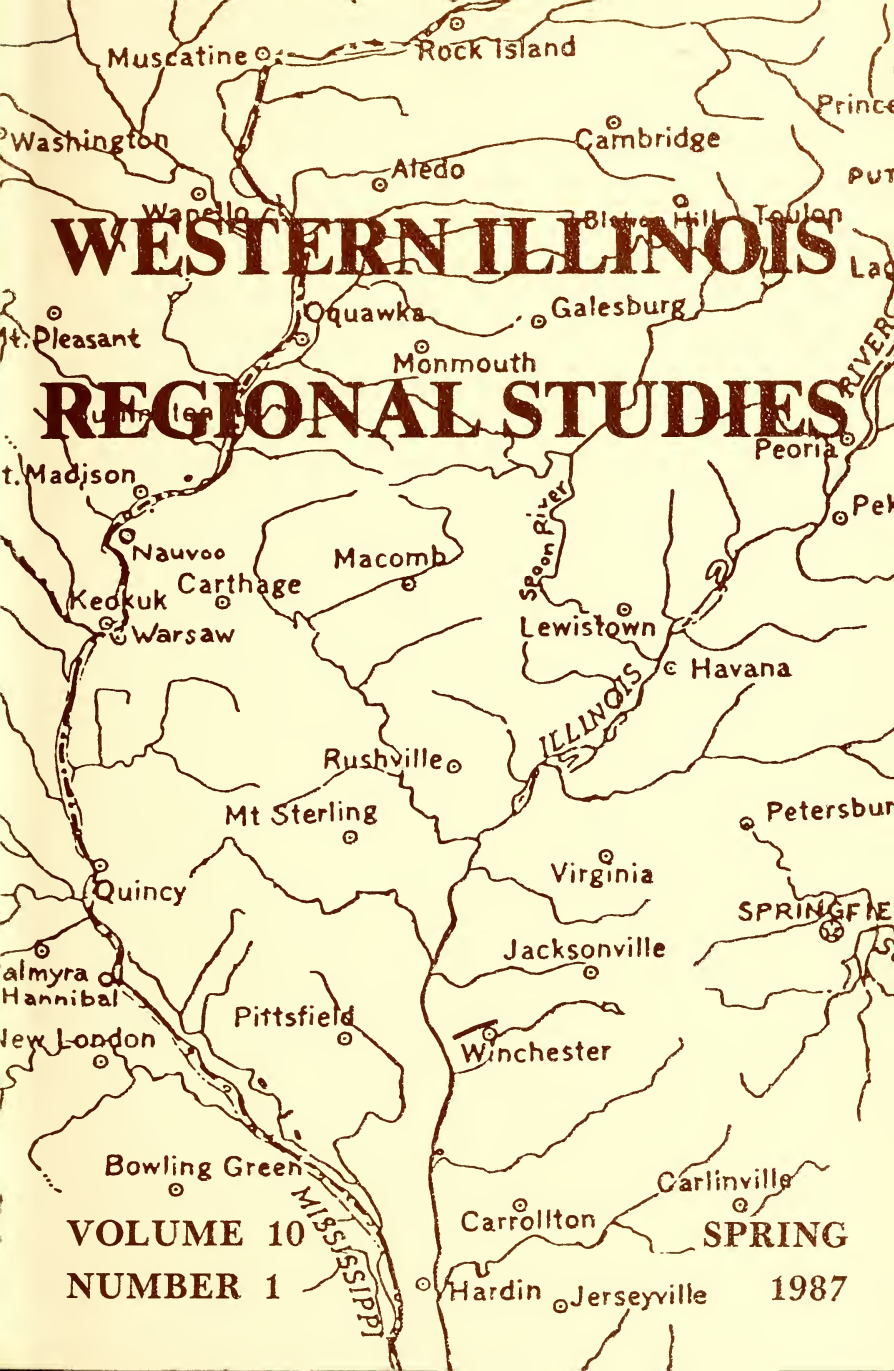

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VOLUME 10 NUMBER 1 SPRING 1987

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MAPS AND THEIR MAKERS IN EARLY ILLINOIS: THE BURR MAP AND THE PECK-MESSINGER MAP

John V. Bergen

Maps in ever increasing detail became both desirable and necessary for an expanding nation in the nineteenth century. The first published state and territorial maps in the new nation were based on "actual surveys" carried out by federal and state land survey offices. Manuscript maps were prepared by surveyors of the new U.S. Public Land Survey, alternately known as the Congressional Survey, the Rectangular Survey, or the Township and Range Survey. The accumulated data in government land offices were available to enterprising map makers hoping to create and to market maps and guides for travellers and settlers. Map publishing during the first one hundred years in the United States was dominated by commercial cartographers, engravers, printers, and publishing houses. Even after the organization of federal mapping agencies, the maps were engraved and printed under contract with private firms.

Several twentieth-century authorities on the history of cartography (the science and art of maps) have reviewed nineteenth-century commercial work. The late Erwin Raisz, one of America's most distinctive map makers, identified the period 1820 to 1840 as "The Golden Age of American Cartography," a time when surveyors were blanketing the landscape and when printers and engravers in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Baltimore, and several other cities were eagerly developing maps and atlases for the equally curious public.[1] Ralph Ehrenberg, formerly archival map curator in the National Archives and currently in the Library of Congress, suggests that in the "first four decades [1800-1840] domestic mapping skills and printing techniques were developed and the economic and social conditions were laid for a burgeoning trade in domestic maps."[2] Walter Ristow, long-time chief of the Geography and Map Division in the Library of Congress, elaborates in greater detail the "Golden Age" of mapping an expanding nation within his *American Maps and Mapmakers: Commercial Cartography in the Nineteenth Century*, published in 1985.[3]

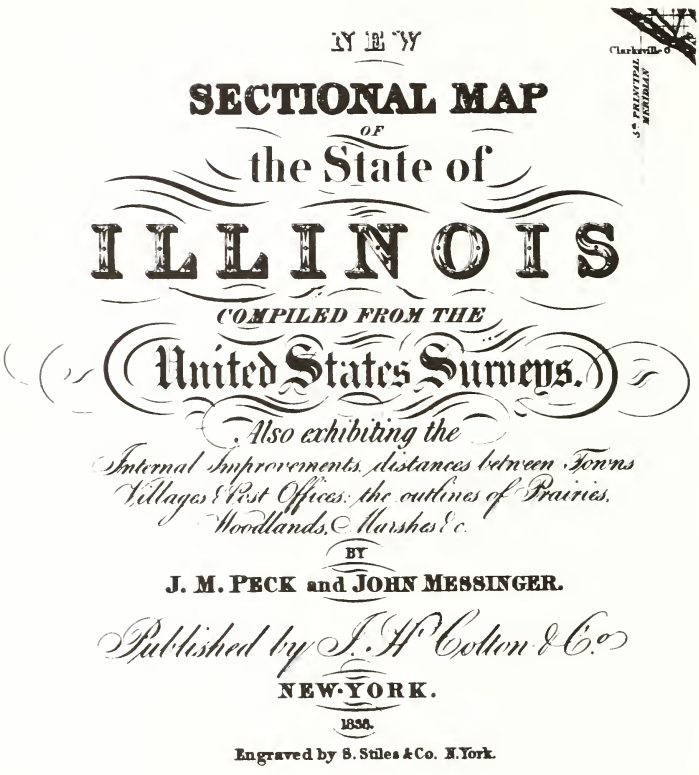


Fig. 1. Title (Cartouche) for Peck-Messinger Map (1838). [Reduced to 74% of original size.]

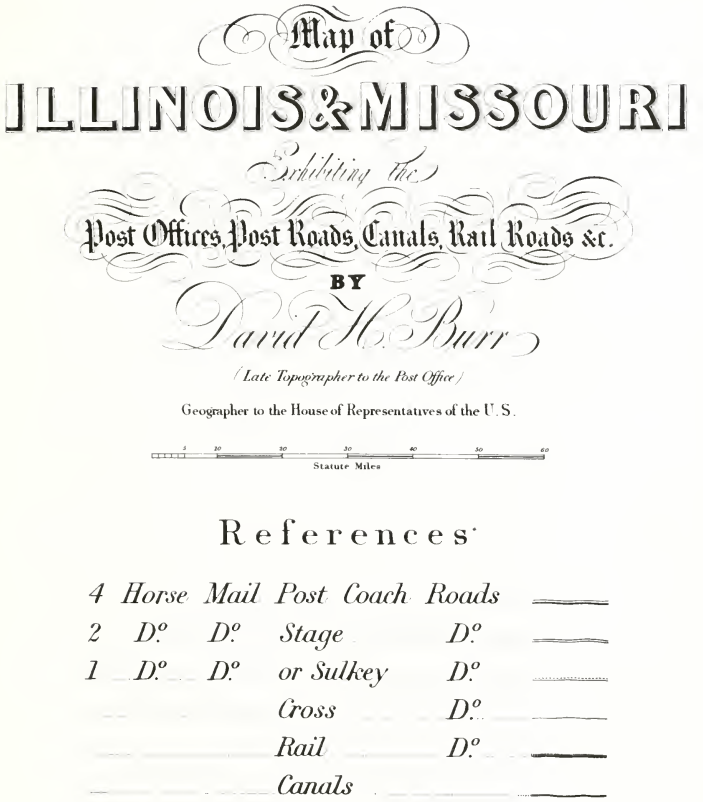


Fig. 2. Title (Cartouche) for Burr Map (1839). [Title reduced to 45% of original size. References (legend) at 100% of original size.]

Fig. 3. Western Illinois on Peck-Messinger Map (1838). [Reduced to 65% of original size.]

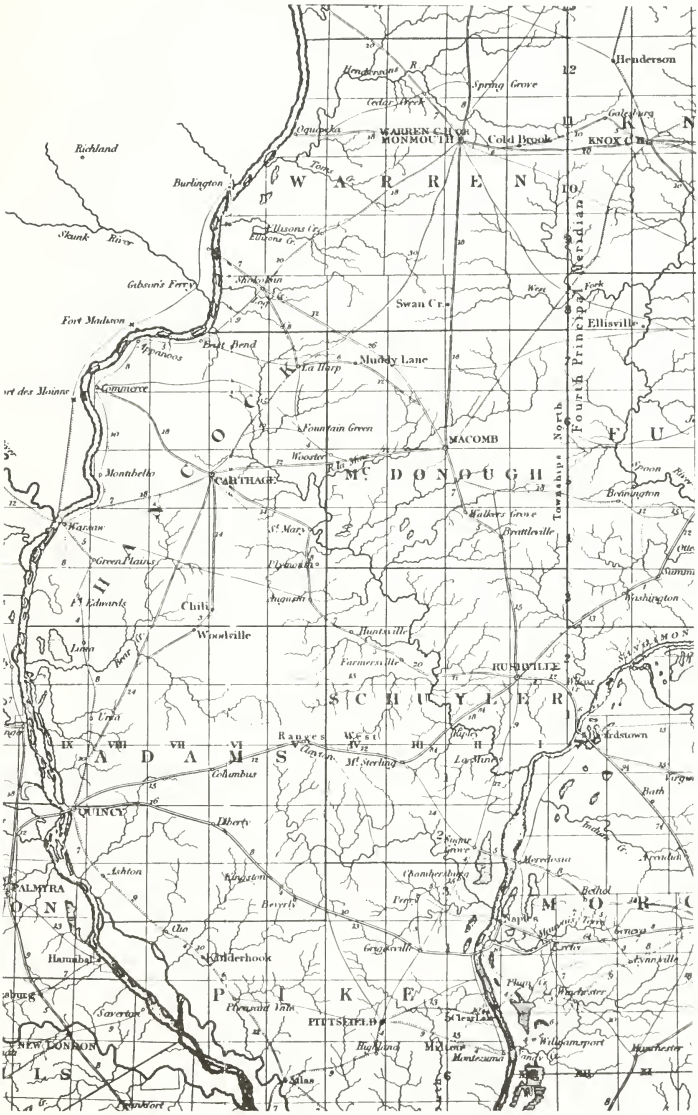


Fig. 4. Western Illinois on Burr Map (1839) [Reduced to 65% of original size.]

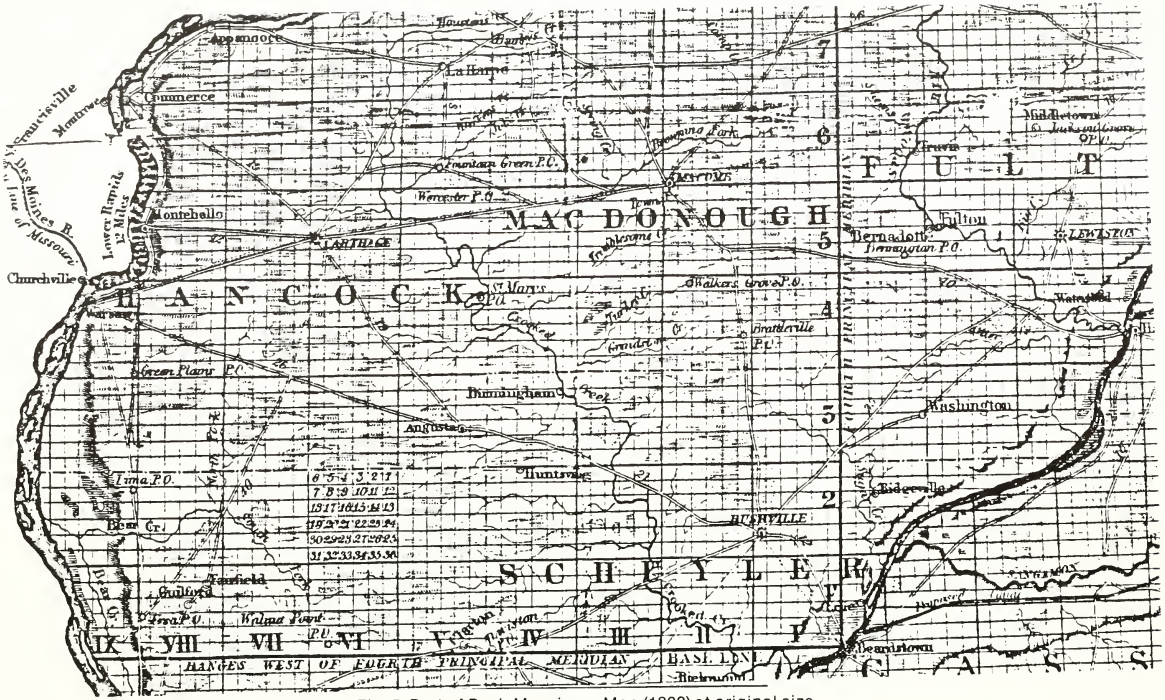


Fig. 5. Part of Peck-Messinger Map (1838) at original size.

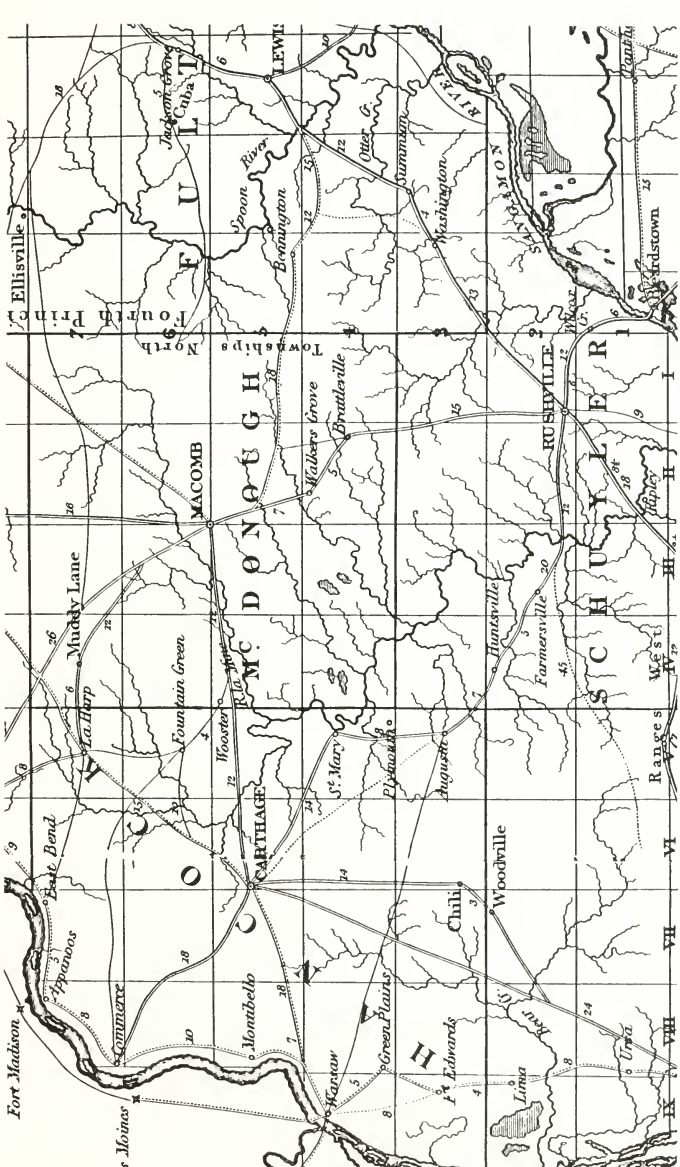


Fig. 6. Part of Burr Map (1839) at original size.

Until the mid 1830s essentially all maps of the states and territories west of the Atlantic seaboard were published at scales no more detailed than one inch to twenty miles or even one inch to fifty miles, thus making it difficult to represent all the new settlements and the many names along creeks and rivers. State maps, in separate sheets and in atlases, dominated the map business until county landowner maps began to appear for scattered places in the late 1850s and in great numbers after the Civil War. The scale of one inch to ten miles for state maps is sufficient to permit study of place location (villages and towns, creeks and rivers, roads and township lines) but not names of landowners. State maps at this detailed scale were not suitable for the atlas format but were acceptable as wall-size maps, sometimes folded to go with guidebooks.

The purpose of this paper is to examine two large maps of Illinois that represent the culmination of the period of expansion in indigenous American cartography. The first of these maps is often identified as Peck's *New Sectional Map of Illinois* and was first published in 1836 by the John H. Colton Company of New York City.[4] At virtually the same scale, the second map is known as Burr's *Map of Illinois & Missouri* and was prepared and published by its "author."[5] In this paper, the two Illinois maps will be referred to as the Peck-Messinger map and the Burr map (see titles in Fig. 1 and Fig. 2).

The comparative examination of map content is based upon the area covered by the Military Tract, i.e., the township and range survey within the "Bounty Lands" of western Illinois (Figures 3 and 4). While differences between the Burr and the Peck-Messinger maps can be shown, there appear to be honest reasons for many of the "errors" critics and other users have detected.

Figure 3 (Peck-Messinger map) and Figure 4 (Burr map) each show part of western Illinois reduced to approximately 65 percent of the original size of the respective state maps. Figure 5 (Peck-Messinger map) and Figure 6 (Burr map), each focused upon McDonough and Hancock counties in western Illinois, provide examples of the two maps at their original scale. The complete Peck-Messinger map (1838) measures 41 x 27 inches (103 x 69 cm.). The Burr map (1839), which includes Missouri with Illinois, is even larger at 38 x 49 inches (123 x 96 cm.).

In the evaluation of maps, especially old maps, we should be interested not only in the scientific accuracy of the content as we know it in retrospect but also in what information was available and who gathered it at that time. Before we render negative criticism of the Illinois maps of the 1830s, we should know something about the people who "authored" the maps. The Burr map and the Peck-Messinger map offer fascinating contrasts, not so much in the honesty and accuracy of the map compilation as in the varied training and experience that led to the making of these classic maps.

Each map was developed from a somewhat different set of circumstances and factual records. Even the purposes vary, since the Burr map

was designed to be a post route map and the Peck-Messinger map was designed to show all one-mile square sections of the township and range survey.

What Is a Map?

A map, like a book, tells a story and, if designed properly, contains several essential elements: title, scale, legend, grid or location indicators, authority, and date. Maps are commonly multipurpose communication devices, emphasizing graphic form (as contrasted to narrative and numerical forms) to serve the following functions: guides for navigation or travel; historical records about places at particular times; legal documents; reports on research studies; tools for further research; planning aids; and even as works of art. In effect, the Burr map and the Peck-Messinger map already have served all of these functions, even though their original preparation may have had a much more singular purpose.

Responsibility for creating an individual map may well be spread among several technical and professional occupations representing various stages in the production process. Certain individuals worked on various aspects of map making but rarely did anyone do the whole job. The principal contributors include: surveyor, *cartographer,* compiler, draftsman or sculpter, map editor, engraver, printer, publisher, and distributor. Burr probably qualified to be all except the engraver, and doubtless he understood that process quite well. Some map compilers and cartographers (map designers) did do engraving in the early nineteenth century, but they often sought a separate printer, publisher, and distributor. On the other hand, publishers who may have known little about geography and cartography frequently contracted with map compilers, cartographers, and map editors to prepare a map. Such apparently was the case with J. H. Colton company which contracted with John Mason Peck and John Messinger to provide their expertise on the facts of Illinois geography.

By 1830, no less than a dozen map publishers were in business to produce state and regional maps for sale. During the 1830s, two new companies, J. H. Colton of New York City and Samuel Augustus Mitchell of Philadelphia, began family dynasties that lasted until late in the century when other new names, notably Rand McNally, were forging ahead in the continuing competition.[6] About 1834 or 1835, both Burr and the Peck and Messinger partnership prepared smaller scale maps with much less detail than their larger, more innovative maps. In 1836, Peck and Messinger, as non-cartographers and non-publishers, cooperated with the J. H. Colton Company in preparing their *New Sectional Map of Illinois.* Burr, on the other hand, was fully responsible for arranging the compilation, engraving, and printing of maps including his *Illinois & Missouri* map.

Peck and Messinger

John Mason Peck and John Messinger offered experience, expertise, and name recognition for the most detailed Illinois map published up to 1936. Although Peck was more widely travelled and better known in Illinois, Messinger may have contributed as much or more than Peck to this new venture in map publication. J. H. Colton and Company of New York was still a relative newcomer in the map business when it negotiated with Peck and Messinger to be compilers and editors for their state of Illinois map. Colton did the same with neighboring state maps.

Peck's credentials for compiling a quality map of Illinois were well established by the mid-1830s when Colton sought a knowledgeable Illinoian to prepare a new map. Peck and Messinger had already prepared *A New Map of Illinois and Part of Wisconsin Territory,* a smaller map engraved and published in Cincinnati.[7] More important perhaps, Peck had published in 1831 a successful *Guide for Emigrants*[8] and in 1834 a popular *Gazetteer of Illinois.*[9]

The presence of Peck's name prominently displayed on the Colton map surely must have played an important role in the successful marketing of it through at least eighteen printings and/or revisions.[10] In 1870, twelve years after Peck's death and twenty-four years after Messinger's death, the Colton company (G. W. & C. B. Colton & Co.) produced a much revised edition, no longer using any compiler's name.[11]

Talented as John Mason Peck was, he may have received more credit for the map than he should have in comparison to his surveyor-mathematician friend, John Messinger. That is a weakness in the dual author listing on title pages and library references. This is not to belittle Peck but to remind that Messinger must have been a major contributor to the reliability and accuracy of the Illinois map. Of course, by the mid 1830s, they had a great amount of factual information as well as manuscript maps to examine among government records. Nonetheless, their efforts and both of their names lend a deserved measure of authenticity to the *New Sectional Map of Illinois* published by Colton.

John Mason Peck (1789-1858) was born in Litchfield, Connecticut and grew up with a strong background in the Puritan Congregational Church. In his early twenties, he became a Baptist, was re-baptized, and was ordained in that church. By 1871 he was serving as a missionary to the West, working for several years in Saint Louis and Saint Charles, Missouri, before settling in Rock Spring, located between Belleville and Lebanon in Saint Clair County, Illinois. Apart from being a widely travelled preacher, he was an agent in three states for the American Bible Society, a leader in establishing Sunday Schools, and an active campaigner against slavery.[12] In his capacity as theologian and preacher, ". . . he played the role of religious mediator between the staid and respectable Puritan moralism of the eastern states and the frantic revivalism of the frontier," as Paul M. Harrison has pointed out.[13]

Peck assumed a statewide leadership role in education when he established the Rock Spring Theological Seminary and High School as the first institution in Illinois teaching at a higher level than common school. Peck taught Christian theology, and John Messinger became a mathematics and natural philosophy professor. The school closed briefly before it was moved to Upper Alton to open in 1832 as Alton Seminary, eventually to become Shurtleff College (1835-1956).[14]

As part of his life as preacher, missionary, teacher, writer, and emissary for the West, Peck continued for some years to campaign for funds to support the seminary and college. Several times he travelled for months among the eastern states, often preaching and often conferring with church leaders.[15] In conjunction with his educational contributions at Rock Spring, Peck edited and eventually bought *The Pioneer,* the second newspaper in Saint Clair County. In 1836 he edited, with his son-in-law, the *Western Pioneer and Baptist Standard Bearer,* later to be merged with the *Baptist Observer* in Louisville, Kentucky.[16]

Peck's contemporaries and his later biographers recognized the enormous energy and versatility of the man. Even with all his travels on behalf of religious and educational interests, Peck found time to spend with his family, including ten children, seven of whom lived well into adulthood. For most of his life, he carried out his research and writing at his rural home in Rock Spring. Hamilton submits that Peck was a real scholar with acute powers of social observation: "He understood the differences between scholarship and proselytizing and fully recognized that the purpose of both would be lost by carelessly blending them."[17]

During the 1830s, Peck published what could be called a series of historical and geographical treatises on Illinois and the West. The first of these, *Guide for Emigrants,* was published by a Boston firm in 1831.[18] Peck's little guide entitled *A Gazetteer of Illinois* was first published in 1834 by a Jacksonville, Illinois printer.[19] In 1837 it was revised, enlarged, and published in Philadelphia.[20] In the meantime, he produced the *New Guide for Emigrants to the West* (1836, 1837, and 1843).[21] The research efforts for producing these guide books clearly established Peck as a scholar whose breadth of knowledge would prove valuable in the preparation of a detailed map of the state of Illinois.

Following the publication of the *New Sectional Map of Illinois* (the Peck-Messinger map of 1836 and 1838), Peck created *The Travellers Directory for Illinois,* noting on the title page that the volume "is Intended as a Companion to the new sectional map of Illinois."[22] Much of the information was developed from his gazetteers but reorganized by topics. Peck's reputation was clearly a selling point for J. H. Colton, publisher of both the map and its companion volume.

Few references to Peck's map making activity are contained in his *Memoirs* or in biographical sketches. His original journals and diaries might have included some details about the map he did with Messinger in 1834 as well as the larger sectional map they prepared in contract with

Colton in 1836 and ensuing revisions. But Peck's personal library was partly destroyed and heavily damaged by a fire in his old seminary building at Rock Spring in 1853.[23] Furthermore, his papers donated by Babcock as instructed by Peck to a Saint Louis library were inadvertently destroyed.[24] Regarding the Peck-Messinger sectional map first produced by Colton in 1836, Babcock makes the following statement:

> Early in January [1836] he was in Vandalia, the seat of government, mingling from necessity with politicians and legislators. Part of his object was to complete by the aid of a Mr. Messinger a larger and more accurate map of Illinois with the latest and most reliable accounts of counties, towns, and improvements. . . . About this time, also, he was for several weeks very busy in revising, enlarging, and almost making anew his 'Guide for Emigrants,' a new edition of which was called for, and printed in Boston.[25]

Peck suffered a serious illness in late spring 1836 but recovered to move his printing office for his newspaper, the *Western Pioneer and Baptist Standard Bearer.* According to Rufus Babcock, "In the month of August, this year, he mentions giving a thorough revision and enlargement to his map of Illinois, adding roads and distances of principal places. . . ."[26]

Much less has been written either by or about John Messinger (1771-1846) than John Mason Peck. Governor John Reynolds, who knew and worked with both Peck and Messinger, prepared a useful biographical sketch of Messinger in his *Pioneer History of Illinois.*[27] Born in West Stockbridge, Massachusetts in 1771, John Messinger was raised in a farm family which practiced not only the Puritan work ethic but also believed in studying and applying a scientific approach to agriculture. He early learned to work as a carpenter and millwright in Vermont before he moved in 1804 to the American Bottoms (near Belleville and St. Louis) where he purchased a mill. All the while, Messinger was obsessed with practical mathematics. Reynolds states: "His whole life seemed to be tinctured with mathematics and I believe for many years he was the most profound mathematician and best land-surveyor in Illinois."[28]

According to Reynolds, Messinger in 1806 was one of the first—if not the first—to survey the public domain in St. Clair and Randolph counties. "In 1815, he was appointed deputy-surveyor under the surveyor-general, Edward Tiffin of the State of Ohio, and was authorized to survey the Military Tract in the forks of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers."[29] He did survey much of this tract and also worked on the northern limits of the state of Illinois.

A Manual or Hand-Book, Intended for Convenience in Practical Surveying was published for Messinger in 1821 by William Orr of St. Louis. His manual contains a discussion of the science of practical surveying, together with practical aids for mathematical surveying. As Reynolds pointed out, "This book shows deep research by the author and established the fact that he was a profound mathematician."[30] From this background, Messinger frequently instructed young men in the art and science of surveying.

His success as a surveyor, his experience in education, and his penchant for mathematics made him a logical choice to be one of the first three professors in the Theological Seminary and High School that John Mason Peck founded in 1827 at Rock Spring. Messinger was appointed Professor of mathematics and natural philosophy for the school that a few years later became Shurtleff College in Alton, Illinois.[31]

As a land surveyor, Messinger spent many years in the field while at the same time participating in the functions of government and actively contributing to the cultural development of the new state. In 1808 he was elected from St. Clair County to the legislature of the Indiana Territory. When Illinois became a state, he was elected to be a member of the Constitutional Convention. Even though he appears not to have been ambitious for political power, he was chosen Speaker of the Illinois House of Representatives in 1818. According to Reynolds, Messinger was widely respected and known to be scrupulously honest.

Surely, he gained many admirers through his unassuming dedication to improving the lives of neighbors on the Illinois frontier. Reynolds recounts that Messinger was a philanthropist and educator:

> . . . tho never a member of any church, [he] obtained subscribers for the quarto family Bibles, published by Matthew Carey of Philadelphia in 1814, and circulated copies in many families in St. Clair County. Mr. Messinger taught many young men the theory and practice of surveying and he frequently taught an evening-school for young and old; and it is no disparagement to some gentlemen, who have since been distinguished in the state, at the bar, and in the pulpit, to have it known that they received the ground-work of their education, after they had families, from Mr. Messinger."[32]

David H. Burr

David H. Burr (1803-1875) was an accomplished surveyor and mapmaker who devoted much of his working life to a wide range of state and federal positions. Shortly after passing the bar exam in New York, he enlisted in the state militia where he became aide-de-camp for Governor DeWitt Clinton. In 1825, Burr was named deputy surveyor in charge of a section of the New York state survey. While living in Albany from 1826 to 1832, he apparently worked for the state Surveyor General, Simeon DeWitt, who was not only a noted surveyor but a successful map maker in his own. Burr's proposal to use survey data on maps to compile a map and atlas of New York state was accepted by both the Surveyor General and the Governor. Whether or not Burr worked independently, he did acknowledge both the permission to use public documents and the fact that he received financial support for the preparation of his landmark *Atlas of the State of New York* dated 1829.[33] At the same time, Burr's wall-size *Map of the State of New York and Surrounding Country* was published by Simeon DeWitt, Surveyor General, pursuant to an act of the legislature. The fledgling J. H. Colton company acquired copyright and continued to revise, re-engrave and publish the map for about twenty years.

The success of his New York map and atlas led Burr to compile maps for *A New Universal Atlas* completed and published by D. S. Stone in 1835.[34] This atlas included Burr's first map of Illinois. In 1832, before he personally was able to complete the world atlas, Burr was appointed topographer for the U.S. Post Office Department. Using the volumes of data supplied by local postmasters, Burr began to compile a map of the United States and twelve large maps of individual states or groups of states.

Although Burr never lived or worked in Illinois, his 1839 map of Illinois and Missouri probably reflects the result of painstaking research and careful compilation. Obtainable evidence points to the fact that David Burr was a highly capable surveyor and geographer as well as mapmaker. No doubt Burr was aware of other published maps of Illinois including the Colton map prepared by Peck and Messinger in 1836 and 1838 as well as several other much less detailed maps of the state of Illinois.[35]

Burr was thoroughly familiar with the New York-based Colton company, having sold copyright to them for his New York state map and having permitted them to publish his map of the city of New York originally prepared for a guidebook to New York. Several other Colton maps seem to show the cartographic art of Burr's hand; an 1836 Colton map of Ohio clearly identified David H. Burr as the maker.[36]

The map of Illinois and Missouri (Figures 2, 4, 6) is part of his monumental set of postal maps sold either as separate sheets or folded into a folio atlas entitled *The American Atlas: Exhibiting the Post Offices, Post Roads, Railroads, Canals, and the Physical & Political Divisions of the United States of America, Constructed From the Government Surveys & Other Official Materials, Under the Direction of the Postmaster General, By David H. Burr, Geographer to the House of Representatives of the U.S.* All the maps in the atlas series showed copyright by Burr on July 10, 1839.[37]

The maps in Burr's rare postal atlas were designed to depict all post offices and the principal types of post routes. One must assume that every effort was made to locate each post office within the proper section and township. Errors noted may be more often attributed to local "reporters" (postmasters) than to the compiler who depended on the official records housed in Washington.

Wheat credits Burr with a high level of research in the preparation of the large 1839 map of the United States and calls it "the most complete that had yet appeared."[38] Wheat supports this belief in a discussion of the use of the travel accounts and manuscript map of the famous explorer, Jedidiah Smith.[39] Herman Friis, on the other hand, cited the same Burr map as an example of "misinformation that was based on fancy rather than on fact. . . ."[40] In reviewing the differing opinions of Wheat and Friis, Ristow prefers to recognize the positive contribution made by Burr to a new dimension in American cartography.[41] Commenting on the period 1820 to 1840, Ehrenberg states: "The final contribution of 1839 was David H. Burr's exquisite atlas of postal maps which was engraved by the

Arrowsmith firm in London."[42] Single maps sold for $5.00 and the portfolio atlas set, folded and mounted on cloth, sold for $15.00. Never revised and probably not reprinted, these maps are relatively rare today.

The cartouche (map title and explanation, Fig. 2) identified Burr as "Late Topographer to the Post Office" and "Geographer to the House of Representatives." Apparently he changed jobs in 1838 while the maps were being engraved by John Arrowsmith in London. Those who have searched the record of Burr's activities have identified him as one of the several most important commercial map publishers but have found it difficult to establish when and how he prepared his maps while working in his various government positions. Actually his *American Atlas* contains the first set of postal route maps ever produced. Although privately printed, they may be called semi-official because he had access to post office records and official support for the preparation of the maps. Ehrenberg notes: "Despite the fact that these maps were prepared under the direction of the Postmaster General, each postmaster had to buy his own maps since they were privately produced and Congress had not authorized their purchase."[43]

Burr can be listed with several other commercial map companies of the period 1820 to 1840, the "Golden Age" of American cartography. Most users and reviewers are impressed with the quality and clarity of the engraving and printing of the Burr postal maps. Apparently he operated his map publishing business on a sporadic basis, for he sold many of his maps to others for publication and/or distribution. He seemed too dedicated to his work as surveyor, topographer, and geographer serving state and federal offices to be tied down to what might have been a lucrative publishing business.

Map Analysis

Table I compares the content of the mapped portion of western Illinois as portrayed by Burr and by Peck and Messinger (Figures 3 and 4). The purpose of the two maps differs as indicated in the titles (Figures 1 and 2). Burr's map is designed to emphasize post routes whereas the Peck-Messinger map was drawn up to identify the sections in the township and range survey system. Burr outlined the townships and the ranges but chose not to include the lines indicating the 36 sections in each township. Both maps, of course, mark the settlements and the roads connecting these towns and villages. Like most state maps, these two are similar in their identification of counties by boundary and by name. Most maps also were hand colored in order to distinguish even more clearly the county units.

The two Illinois maps have been identified as the Burr map (copyright 1839) and the Peck-Messinger map (dated 1836, 1838, and 1839). Each of these maps has an artistic cartouche that may be compared to the title page of a book (see Figures 1 and 2). Each of these "title pages" contains a main title indicating the geographical area covered (Illinois or Illinois &

Missouri) and a subtitle indicating any special features depicted on the map. The *New Sectional Map of Illinois* by Peck and Messinger includes the adjective "Sectional" in the main title because the map seeks to emphasize the pattern of one square mile sections in the Township and Range Survey. The subtitle tells that the map exhibits internal improvements, which in the 1830s meant almost exclusively the roads. The subtitle also states that "distances between Towns, Villages & Post Offices" are depicted and "the outlines of Prairies, Woodlands, Marshes & etc." given. Other map essentials, such as names of the authors, publishers and engravers, as well as dates and scales are usually provided within the cartouche.

The "title page" or cartouche on the Burr map differs from that of the Peck-Messinger map; in fact, Burr's rare map was prepared as a special postal map by a versatile composer experienced in surveying, compiling, and publishing maps. Although the scale and legend are included within Burr's cartouche, the date (copyright) and the engraver's name are to be found only on the margin of the map. This dispersal of essential information was not uncommon on nineteenth-century maps. Today, vital information is often contained in various parts of the outer margin of modern maps which usually have less elaborate cartouches.

Two kinds of place names provide a final interesting comparative analysis of the two maps: 1) settlement names and 2) river and creek names. Table 2 on town and village names is presented for those who may be interested in early place names as well as for showing differences in the date included by the map makers. Also, the dates for established post offices (Table 2) provide justification for dating the map contents, the information compiled on these maps of the late 1830s. Table 3 simply compares the river and creek names given on the map of the drainage system. The analysis of place names beyond the comparison of the two maps in ca. 1838 is not part of this study. However, maps such as these contribute to the analysis of changing place names.[44]

Identification of dates is absolutely essential for a properly prepared map. The map reader, however, must be aware that two kinds of dates may be displayed, one indicating the time when the information was compiled and the other the date of publication and/or copyright. Unfortunately, all too many maps include only the date of publication (or printing), often leaving the reader misinformed concerning the date represented by the contents of the map. Such was the case on many nineteenth-century maps, including both Burr (1839) and Peck-Messinger (1836, 1838, and later editions). Burr's *Illinois & Missouri* map was copyrighted July 10, 1839 along with the twelve other maps that made up his *American Atlas*. Burr could not have compiled all the information in 1839, although with help he may have gathered post office data within a short time span and supervised the drafting of maps during a period of a year. A comprehensive analysis of post office place-names allows an estimation of early 1838 as the approximate date when the data on post offices were

compiled. Table 2 lists all the post office settlements in western Illinois displayed on Burr's map and gives the date these post offices were established. Verification of dates is obtained from official post office records reprinted in *A List of Illinois Place Names* compiled by James N. Adams.[45] If we can accept Adam's historical listings as virtually identical to what Burr would have found in the Post Office Department where he worked, then Burr's map is remarkably complete. In only two or three places do Burr's mapped places differ with the post office list in 1838.

Unlike the Burr map, which was a one-time publication with a specific purpose (to focus on post offices and post routes), the Peck-Messinger *Sectional Map* was published every two or three years for nearly thirty-three years as a business venture designed not only to serve the map reading public but also to make a profit. Again the dates may be more correct on some editions than on others, depending on the quality of revisions. Peck and Messinger apparently sought to emphasize the settlements that, on the local level or in their travel experiences, were important. As Table 2 indicates, they did not include all post offices on their 1838 map, but they did plot some places that existed as settlements without post offices.

The 1838 Peck-Messinger map, the edition illustrated in this paper (Figures 1, 3, 5), was the first revision and does include a few changes since 1836. Reprintings were made from time to time not only because of changes in content but also because these maps appear to be copper engravings that render high quality but limited quantity. The relatively soft nature of copper necessitated that the maps be re-engraved every few years. And publishers of state maps were only beginning to shift over to newer technology with wax engravings and the lithographic process.[46]

At first glance, the road networks represented on the two maps seem also to be similar. Roads seem to sweep across the landscape (i.e: the map) in straight lines or gentle curves connecting the various settlements. These maps, like others of the time, simply show the shortest distance between points. To have drafted the angular directions even of the main roads would have required a set of detailed county road maps not really available until after the Civil War. In truth, a number of early trails and roads followed the line of least resistance, avoiding rugged and marshy terrain and thereby disregarding the influence of section and township lines. By mid-century, after land claims were essentially complete, the prairies occupied, and field patterns developed, new roads were directed and old ones redirected along more angular pattern. But in 1838, Burr and Peck-Messinger could legitimately feature roads radiating in several directions from each of the county seats in western Illinois, inasmuch as settlers from all over the county needed to do official business and trade in the "county town."

Clearly, no attempt was made on Burr's postal maps to draw the roads along exact lines, for it is the post route classification that is important and not the true location. The legend ("References" Fig. 2) on the car-

touche for Burr's *Map of Illinois & Missouri* includes six classifications, the same as on all twelve of the state maps Burr copyrighted in 1839. Of course, two of the types—railroads and canals—did not yet exist in Illinois and Missouri. The important mail routes include the four-horse post coach road, the two-horse stage road, and the one horse or sulkey road. He also recognized important "cross roads" which apparently were not regular mail routes. By emphasizing the post routes rather than strict road location, Burr also "created bridges" over the Mississippi River at Warsaw and Quincy and over the Illinois River at Peoria, Havana, Beardstown, Meredosia, and other crossings (Figures 4 and 6). Obviously no such bridges existed, and Burr did not mean to imply that mail crossed the rivers other than by ferry.

The natural features symbolized on the two maps differ noticeably. Peck and Messinger attempted to show land cover (vegetation) and drainage. Their map indicates by shaded symbol the vast amount of prairie land in the Military Tract (Figures 3 and 5). The unshaded areas are meant to represent predominantly wooded terrain. Both Burr and Peck-Messinger incorporated a fairly complete drainage network—the rivers and streams in their intricate winding courses. The drainage pattern on the Burr map stands out clearly, in part because the map is not "cluttered" with section lines or with prairie land symbols. On the Peck-Messinger map, the combination of prairie-woodland symbols with drainage implies flat land, rough land, uplands, bottom lands. The drainage pattern on the superbly engraved Burr map also gives a reasonable impression of relief or terrain. As indicated in Table 1, neither elevation figures nor relief symbols are shown by Burr; and on the Peck-Messinger map only the bluffs symbolized along the Mississippi and Illinois rivers suggest distinctive terrain. Thus at this scale and in this time period, drainage patterns on the map offer by implication a partial picture of the land surface.

Lakes and swamps add to the implied land surface. Both maps display large water bodies along the Illinois and Mississippi rivers. In Fulton County, swamps are shown below the Illinois River bluffs by Peck and Messinger as are extensive swamps or marsh east of Havana in the Illinois Valley. Burr marks these same conditions by rendering lakes both in the Illinois River valley and in the broader flood plain to the east of the river. Incidentally, Burr has mislabelled the Illinois River as the Sangamon River just north of Beardstown. In the Mississippi Valley below Quincy, both maps indicate a river course paralleling the principal Mississippi channel. The Peck-Messinger map further emphasizes this flood plain feature by depicting bluffs about six miles east of the Mississippi and by naming the parallel stream the Snycaptee Slough—now known as the Sny.

Table 3 compares names of rivers and creeks given on the two old maps with present day names in western Illinois. The labelling of most of the tributaries of the LaMoine River (Crooked Creek) on the Peck-Messinger map (Fig. 5) logically may be the result of Peck's travels into many local areas of the state of Illinois. Bradford (1879) provides an example from

West-Central Illinois: "In an extensive preaching and exploring tour through the counties of Fulton, McDonough, Hancock, and Warren, Ill., which filled up the month of June, 1832, he had various experiences—some of them by no means cheering—occasioned in part by the war alarms, and the Sunday musters. . . ."[46]

On the subject of integrity of research, John Mason Peck himself recounted in his *New Guide for Emigrants* the time-consuming process of assembling accurate facts about the new West:

> It is an easy task to a belles-lettre scholar, sitting at his desk, in an easy chair, and by a pleasant fire, to write 'Histories,' and 'Geographies,' and 'Sketches,' and 'Recollections,' and 'Views,' and 'Tours,' of the Western Valley—but it is quite another concern to explore these regions, examine public documents, reconcile contradictory statements, correspond with hundreds of persons in public and private life, read all the histories, geographies, tours, sketches, and recollections that have been published, and correct their numerous errors—then collate, arrange, digest, and condense the facts of the country.[47]

The above statement might well be applied to the monumental task of trying to produce a truly accurate map of even a single state the size of Illinois. Map makers in the 1830s, the "Golden Age of American Cartography," did have relatively good data for creating accurate base maps of individual states. State and federal surveys were readily available and had been copied frequently at various scales. Some map makers were not averse to copying features from competitors' maps. And some willingly shared their work. The big problem remained, however, in preparing an accurate map with current and correct place names.

How in the 1830s could a map publisher in New York or Philadelphia expect to make a good map without engaging the services of someone who had made an effort to collect systematically all the facts? Burr did the job by focusing upon the official post office records, which might be flawed in some cases by inaccurate or incomplete reporting by local postmasters. Colton prepared the map by engaging the best resource persons available on the local scene. John Mason Peck and John Messinger perhaps satisfied this legitimate need as well as anyone in the state of Illinois.

The accuracy and authority of maps was strongly influenced by the quality of the cartographers or map compilers. Peck and Messinger fit the mold well: two men of the Illinois frontier who displayed remarkable intellectual leadership and complemented each other in their cooperative efforts not only to make maps but in bringing education to their Illinois neighbors. David H. Burr represented a different but equally talented type: an urban easterner who spent a lifetime as surveyor, geographer, topographer, cartographer, map publisher, first in New York and Washington but later in such far flung places as Florida, Louisiana, and Utah.

Western Illinois as well as the entire state have been well served by the efforts of such men to provide the best representation of the land possible

under the prevailing circumstances of 1838. Those who study the past in Illinois would do well to use both the Burr and Peck-Messinger maps in conjunction with narrative accounts of life in the 1830s.

NOTES

[1]Erwin Raisz, *General Cartography*, Second Edition (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1948), pp. 48-50.

[2]Ralph E. Ehrenberg, "Mapping an Expanding Nation," chap. 8 in *The Mapping of America* by Seymour I. Schwartz and Ralph E. Ehrenberg (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1980), p. 219.

[3]Walter W. Ristow, *American Maps and Mapmakers: Commercial Cartography in the Nineteenth Century* (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 1985).

[4]John Mason Peck and John Messinger, *New Sectional Map of the State of Illinois. Compiled from the United States Surveys. Also Exhibiting the Internal Improvements; Distances Between Towns, Villages &c. Post Offices; The Outlines of Prairies, Woodlands, Marshes* &c. Scale [1:633,600]. Engraved by S. Stiles & Co. and published by J. H. Colton & Co., New York, 1836. The map was revised in 1838, 1839, and at least a dozen more times through 1869.

[5]David H. Burr, *Map of Illinois & Missouri Exhibiting the Post Offices, Post Roads, Canals, Rail Roads,* &c. Scale [ca. 1:645,000]. Engraved by John Arrowsmith, [London] and copyrighted by David H. Burr, Washington, D.C., July 10, 1839.

[6]Ristow, chap. 19, "The S. A. Mitchell and J. H. Colton Map Publishing Companies," pp. 303-326. Ristow, p. 315, explains the Colton company in the 1830s: "Like Mitchell, Colton appears to have had little or no education or training in geography or cartography. Their principal contributions to the success of their respective firms, therefore, was in administration, management, and distribution. Also in the pattern of Mitchell, Colton's initial cartographic publications were works prepared by other mapmakers. His first undertaking was the map of New York State, originally published in 1830 by David H. Burr. The map was re-engraved for Colton by Samuel Stiles of S. Stiles & Company in New York. Colton then copyrighted and published the map in 1833. It is the earliest Colton imprint to be identified. . . ."

[7]J. M. Peck and J. Messinger, *A New Map of Illinois and Part of the Wisconsin Territory.* Scale [ca. 1:1,600,000]. Engraved and printed by Doolittle & Munson, Cincinnati, Ohio; copyright by J. M. Peck, 1835.

[8]John Mason Peck, *A Guide for Emigrants; Containing Sketches of Illinois, Missouri, and the Adjacent Parts* (Boston: Lincoln & Edmunds, 1831), 336 p.

[9]John Mason Peck, *A Gazetteer of Illinois, in Three Parts: Containing a General View of the State, a General View of Each County, and a Particular Description of Each Town, Settlement, Stream, Prairie, Bottom, Bluff, Etc., Alphabetically Arranged* (Jacksonville, Illinois: R. Goudy, 1834).

[10]David A. Cobb, compiler, *Illinois, Volume 4, Checklist of Printed Maps of the Middle West to 1900,* ed. Robert W. Karrow, Jr. (Boston: G. K. Hall & Co., 1981) Part of a series of bibliographies in historical cartography sponsored by the Newberry Library (Chicago), this volume gives a chronological listing of Illinois maps cataloged in the Library of Congress and/or major Illinois libraries.

[11]*Colton's New Sectional Map of the State of Illinois* (New York: G. W. & C. B. Colton, 1870).

[12]Rufus Babcock, editor, *Memoir of John Mason Peck: Forty Years of Pioneer Life,* Edited from His Journals and Correspondence (Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society, 1864). Reprinted with "Introduction" by Paul M. Harrison (Carbondale, Illinois: Southern Illinois University Press, 1965). See also: Coe Smith Hayne, *Vanguard of the Caravans: A Life Story of John Mason Peck* (Philadelphia: Judson Press, 1931) and Matthew Lawrence, *John Mason Peck, The Pioneer Missionary* (New York: Fortuny's, 1940).

[13]Paul M. Harrison, "Introduction" to Babcock, *Memoir,* p. xxvii.

[14]The establishment by John Mason Peck of the Rock Spring (Illinois) Seminary, a forerunner to Shurtleff College, has been recounted in most histories of Illinois education and in biographical sketches of Peck. For example, see R. Carlyle Buley, *The Old Northwest: Pioneer Period 1815-1840, Volume Two* (Indianapolis: Indiana Historical Society, 1950), p. 407. See also Babcock (1965), chap. 19, pp. 225-233 and Judge J. Otis Humphrey, "Dr. John Mason Peck and Shurtleff College," *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society,*12 (1907), 145-163. Also: Hayne, pp. 114-120 with pictures.

[15]An example of Peck's travels in the East is given by Babcock (1965), pp. 212-224.

[16]John Reynolds, *The Pioneer History of Illinois,* Second Edition (Chicago: Fergus Printing Co., 1887), pp. 253-254. The original volume was published in 1852.

[17]Harrison, p. xxviii.

[18]Peck, *Guide for Emigrants* (1831). See fn. 8 above.

[19]Peck, *Gazetteer (1834).* See fn. 9 above.

[20]John Mason Peck, *A Gazetteer of Illinois . . .* Second Edition (Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliot, 1837). With acknowledgement of Peck, much of the information was used in S. Augustus Mitchell, *Illinois in 1837* [A Traveller's Guide] (Philadelphia: Grigg & Elliot, 1837). Peck's gazetteers have not been reprinted in the twentieth century. Selected excerpts have been reprinted; see "John Mason Peck: [Excerpts] From *A Gazetteer of Illinois,*" in John E. Hallwas, editor, *Illinois Literature: The Nineteenth Century* (Macomb, Illinois: Illinois Heritage Press, 1986), pp. 40-45.

[21]John Mason Peck, *A New Guide For Emigrants to the West Containing Sketches of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, and Michigan, With the Territories of Wisconsin, Arkansas, and the Adjacent Parts* (Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 1836, 1837, Revised 1843).

[22]John Mason Peck, *The Traveller's Directory for Illinois; Containing . . . Accurate Sketches of the State and a Particular Description of Each County, and Important Business Towns, A List of the Principal Roads, Stage and Steamboat Routes . . . the Whole Intended to be a Companion to the New Sectional Map of Illinois* (New York: J. H. Colton & Co., 1839). Much of the text is derived from Peck's *Gazetteer.*

[23]Babcock (1965), 349.

[24]Harrington, p. xiii. Quoted from Hayne, pp. 147-148.

[25]Babcock (1965), p. 268.

[26]*Ibid.,* p. 269.

[27]Reynolds, pp. 328-332 and p. 273.

[28]*Ibid.*, p. 330.

[29]*Ibid.*, p. 331.

[30]*Ibid.*, p. 331.

[31]*Ibid.*, pp. 254 and 331. See also Robert P. Howard, *Illinois: A History of the Prairie State* (Grand Rapids, Michigan: William B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 1972), p. 177 and Buley, p. 335.

[32]Reynolds, p. 273.

[33]Ristow, pp. 103-106. Ristow reviews Burr's early work as a mapmaker in New York City (late 1820s and early 1830s).

[34]Ristow, p. 106. David H. Burr, *A New Universal Atlas* (New York: D. S. Stone, 1835); maps engraved by Illman and Pilbrow, New York.

[35]Cobb, pp. 217-227. Identifies state maps published from 1818 through 1838.

[36]Ristow, p. 316. Other maps Burr prepared for his *A New Universal Atlas* (1835) were revised and reprinted without Burr's name by various publishers in the 1840s and 1850s.

[37]Ristow, p. 106.

[38]Carl I. Wheat, "The Decade of the Thirties," chap. 19 in his *Mapping the Transmississippi West, Volume 2: From Lewis and Clark to Fremont,* 1804-1845 (San Francisco: Institute of Historical Cartography, 1958), p. 167. See also Ristow, p. 449.

[39]Wheat, pp. 167-170.

[40]Herman R. Friis, "The Image of the American West at Mid-Century (1840-60): A Product of Scientific Geographical Exploration by the United States Government," in *The Frontier Re-examined,* ed. John Francis McDermott (Urbana: Univ. of Illinois Press, 1967), p. 50.

[41]Ristow, p. 447.

[42]Ehrenberg, p. 261.

[43]*Ibid.*, p. 261.

[44]The task of analyzing place names historically is tedious, requiring the use of all types of source materials including manuscript records as well as newspapers, county histories, county atlases, and state, county, and town maps. A comprehensive study of place names in McDonough County, Illinois, is in process by Gordana Rezab, Archives and Special Collections, Western Illinois University Library.

[45]James N. Adams, *A List of Illinois Place Names (Illinois Libraries, Vol. 50, Nos. 4, 5, 6)* (Springfield, Illinois State Library, 1958), 596 p. This is an excellent listing completed in 1961 by a long-time researcher on post offices; the guide includes official U.S. Post Office Department records to 1931.

[46]Ristow reviews the changing technology of mapmaking in his *American Maps and Mapmakers.* See fn. 3.

[47]Babcock, p. 251.

[48]Peck (1837), p. viii. See also Harrington, pp. xxx-xxxi.

Table 1.

COMPARISON OF MAP CONTENT—BURR MAP AND PECK-MESSINGER MAP

Types of Information	Burr (1839)	Peck-Messinger (1838)
Administrative Boundaries		
Public Land Survey	Yes	Yes
Township & Range Numbers	Yes	Yes
Sections (1 mile squares)	No	Yes
County Boundaries	Yes	Yes
County Names	Yes	Yes
Settlements		
County Towns (Courthouse)	Yes	Yes
Symbolized	Yes	Yes
Capital Letters	Yes	Yes
Post Offices	Yes	Part
Other Villages	No	Yes
Transportation Routes		
Roads	Yes	Yes
Post Roads Classified	Yes	No
Other Roads Classified	Yes	No
Mileage Between Towns	Yes	Some
Railroads	N.A.	N.A.
Canals	N.A.	N.A.
Natural Features		
Prairie Lands	No	Yes
Woodlands	No	Yes
Swamps	Some	Yes
Lakes	Some	Some
Rivers, Creeks	Yes	Yes
Names Given	Many	Many
Drainage Pattern	Yes	Yes
Relief (Terrain)	No	No
Elevations Given	No	No
Bluffs (Shown by Hachures)	No	Yes

Table 2.

WESTERN ILLINOIS SETTLEMENTS AND POST OFFICES (ca. 1835-1838) AS SHOWN ON THE BURR MAP OF ILLINOIS & MISSOURI (1839) and THE PECK-MESSINGER MAP OF ILLINOIS (1838)

Note: Counties listed are identified as shown on the maps.
County seats are listed in CAPITAL LETTERS as on maps.
All towns (settlements) listed are located by Township and Range co-ordinates.
Stark County is listed but was not separated from Putnam County until 3-2-1839.
Brown County (not listed) was organized 2-1-39; separated from Schuyler County.
Mount Sterling (in caps 1980) is Brown's county seat.

Henderson County (not listed) was organized 1-20-1841; separated from Warren County. Oquawka (in caps 1980) is Henderson's county seat.
P.O. list includes only those existing ca. 1837 to 1839.
Reference for Post Office Names: Adams, James N. (1968). *A List of Illinois Place Names*. Number 4, Volume 50 of *Illinois Libraries*.

Pike County	**Burr (1839)**	**P.O. Estab.-**	**Peck-Messinger**	**1980s**
T.7S., R.4W.	----	7-8-34 (6-20-36 Disc.)	Bayville	----
T.7S., R.4W.	Pleasant Hill	11-4-36	----	Pleasant Hill
T.6S., R.2W.	Montezuma	7-30-33	Montezuma	Montezuma
T.6S., R.2W.	Milton	8-15-37	----	Milton
T.6S., R.4W.	Highland	2-8-33	Highland P.O.	----
T.6S., R.5W.	Atlas	12-23-25	Atlas	Atlas
T.6S., R.5W.	----	(Not 1830s)	Rockport	Rockport
T.5S., R.2W.	Clear Lake	4-6-37	Augusta	Florence
T.5S., R.4W.	PITTSFIELD	6-29-29	PITTSFIELD	PITTSFIELD
T.5S., R.6W.	Pleasant Vale	4-26-27	Pleasant Vale	New Canton
T.4S., R.3W.	Griggsville	9-11-33	Griggsville	Griggsville
T.4S., R.7W.	Kinderhook	12-17-37	----	Kinderhook
T.4S., R.7W.	Clio	12-20-32 (7-20-41 Disc.)	Clio P.O.	----
T.3S., R.2W.	Chambersburg	6-27-37	----	Chambersburg
T.3S., R.3W.	Perry	4-1-37	Perry	Perry

Adams County	**Burr (1839)**	**P.O. Estab.**	**Peck-Messinger**	**1980s**
T.3S., R.5W.	Beverly	12-24-37	----	Beverly
T.3S., R.5W.	Kingston	10-4-36 (10-23-37 Disc.)	----	Kingston
T.3S., R.8W.	Ashton	1-29-34 (2-13-38 Disc.)	Ashton	??
T.2S., R.6W.	Liberty	7-15-33	Liberty P.O.	(New Location)
T.2S., R.9W.	QUINCY	3-5-26	QUINCY	QUINCY
T.1S., R.6W.	Columbus	2-13-37	Columbus	Columbus
T.1N., R.5W.	Clayton	2-7-37	Clayton	Clayton
T.1N., R.6W.	----	8-26-38	Walnut Point P.O.	----
T.1N., R.8W.	Ursa	3-12-36	Ursa P.O.	Ursa
T.1N., R.8W.	----	(No P.O.)	Guilford	----
T.1N., R.8W.	----	5-5-37 (Mendon)	Fairfield	Mendon
T.2N., R.7W.	Woodville	3-27-37	----	Woodville
T.2N., R.9W.	Lima	3-12-36	Lima P.O.	Lima

Schuyler County	**Burr (1839)**	**P.O. Estab.**	**Peck-Messinger**	**1980s**
T.2S., R.2W.	----	(No P.O.)	Milton	----
T.2S., R.2W.	Sugar Grove	12-21-35 (10-17-37 Trf.)	Sugar Grove P.O.	----
T.1S., R.1W.	----	(Not 1830s)	LaGrange	LaGrange
T.1S., R.2W.	LaMine	4-1-37 (9-7-39 Disc.)	----	----
T.1S., R.2W.	----	(No P.O.)	Richmond	----
T.1S., R.3W.	Mt. Sterling	2-26-33	Mount Sterling	MT. STERLING
T.1N., R.1E.	----	(No P.O.)	Erie	Frederick
T.1N., R.1E.	Wilcox Creek	(None)	----	(Pleasant View?)
T.1N., R.2W.	Ripley	5-27-37	----	Ripley

T.1N., R.4W.	----	3-26-33 (2-7-37 Trf.)	Daviston P.O.	----
T.2N., R.1E.	----	(No P.O.)	Ridgeville	----
T.2N., R.1W.	RUSHVILLE	1-18-27	RUSHVILLE	RUSHVILLE
T.2N., R.3W.	Farmersville	9-27-37 (9-10-38 Disc.)	----	Camden
T.2N., R.4W.	Huntsville	7-18-36	Huntsville	Huntsville
T.3N., R.4W.	----	(4-28-43)	Birmingham	Birmingham
Hancock County	**Burr (1839)**	**P.O. Estab.**	**Peck-Messinger**	**1980s**
T.3N., R.5W.	Augusta	3-12-34	Augusta	Augusta
T.3N , R.6W.	Chili	1-3-38	----	----
T.3N., R.9W.	Fort Edwards	1-20-33 (11-14-34 Trf.)	----	Mallard
T.4N., R.5W.	Plymouth	9-22-37	- --	Plymouth
T.4N., R.5W.	St. Mary	6-11-36	St. Mary's P.O.	St. Mary
T.4N., R.8W.	Green Plains	8-20-34	Green Plains P.O.	----
T.4N., R.9W.	Warsaw	11-14-34	Warsaw	Warsaw
T.5N., R.6W.	CARTHAGE	4-27-33	CARTHAGE	CARTHAGE
T.5N., R.8W.	Montebello	8-17-30	Montebello	(Montebello)
T.6N., R.5W.	Fountain Green	12-19-32	Fountain Green P.O.	Fountain Green
T.7N., R.5W.	LaHarp	6-11-36	LaHarpe	LaHarpe
T.7N., R.7W.	East Bend	7-14-36	----	Dallas City
T.7N., R.8W.	Appanoos	7-18-36	Appanooce	Niota
T.7N., R.8W.	Commerce	10-11-34	Commerce	Nauvoo
McDonough Co.	**Burr (1839)**	**P.O. Estab.**	**Peck-Messinger**	**1980s**
T.4N., R.2W.	Brattleville	1-31-33 (3-14-39 Trf.)	Brattleville P.O.	(Industry?)
T.4N., R.2W.	Walkers Grove	2-1-36 (5-5-37 Disc.)	Walkers Grove P.O.	----
T.5&6N., R.2&3W.	MACOMB	11-4-31	MACOMB	MACOMB
T.5N., R.4W.	Wooster	11-18-34	Worcester P.O.	----
T.7N., R.4W.	Muddy Lane	5-27-37	----	(Blandinsville?)
Fulton County	**Burr (1839)**	**P.O. Estab.**	**Peck-Messinger**	**1980s**
T.3N., R.2E.	Summum	4-13-36	----	Summum
T.3N., R.1E.	Washington	9-9-36	Washington	Astoria
T.4N., R.3E.	----	(No. P.O.)	Waterford	----
T.5N., R.4E.	----	(No P.O. 1830s)	Liverpool	Liverpool
T.5N., R.3E.	LEWISTOWN	3-14-31	LEWISTOWN	LEWISTOWN
T.5N., R.2E.	----	(No P.O.)	Fulton	----
T.5N., R.2E.	----	3-3-37	Bernadotte	Bernadotte
T.5N., R.1E.	Bennington	9-20-33 (3-3-37 Disc.)	Bennington P.O.	----
T.6N., R.5E.	Copperas Creek	6-19-37	----	----
T.6N., R.3E.	Jackson Grove	11-18-31	Jackson Grove P.O.	----
T.6N., R.3E.	Cuba	12-2-37	Middletown	Cuba
T.6N., R.1E.	----	(No P.O.)	Travis	----
T.7N., R.5E.	Clarksville	2-6-32 (2-25-35 Disc.)	----	----
T.7N., R.4E.	Canton	8-3-26	Canton	Canton
T.8N., R.4E.	Farmington	1-6-36	Farmington	Farmington
T.8N., R.4E.	Middle Grove	6-4-34	Middle Grove P.O.	Middle Grove
T.8N., R.1E.	Ellisville	7-6-38	Ellisville (T.7N)	Ellisville

Peoria County	Burr (1839)	P.O. Estab.	Peck-Messinger	1980s
T.8N., R.8E.	PEORIA	3-?-23	PEORIA	PEORIA
T.8N., R.7E.	----	(No P.O.)	P. Mills	----
T.8N., R.5E.	Tivoli	5-5-37	----	Trivoli
T.8N., R.5E.	----	(No P.O.)	Harkness	Cramer
T.9N., R.8E.	----	(No P.O.)	Detroit	----
T.9N., R.6E.	(name missing)	----	----	----
T.10N., R.9E.	Romeo	10-16-35	Rome	Rome
T.10N., R.6E.	Robins Nest	2-18-37	----	Jubilee
T.10N., R.5E.	Charleston	6-8-37	Charleston	Brimfield
T.10N., R.5E.	French Creek	2-20-38	----	----
T.11N., R.8E.	North Hampton	3-19-36	Northampton	----
T.11N., R.8E.	----	(2-13-41)	Chillicothe	Chillicothe
T.11N., R.5E.	(See Knox Co.)	(No P.O.)	Rochester	Elmore

Warren County	Burr (1839)	P.O. Estab.	Peck-Messinger	1980s
T.8N., R.3W.	Swan Creek	1-17-38	----	Swan Creek
T.8N., R.6W.	Shokokan	8-26-33	Shockakoa P.O.	----
T.9N., R.5W.	Ellisons Creek	7-14-36 (1-23-40 Disc.)	----	----
T.11N., R.1W.	Cold Brook	4-13-37	----	(Cold Brook)
T.11N., R.2W.	MONMOUTH	12-13-30	MONMOUTH	MONMOUTH
T.11N., R.5W.	Oquawka	8-5-36	Oquawka	OQUAWKA
T.12N., R.2W.	Spring Grove	10-3-34	Spring Grove P.O.	(Gerlaw?)
T.12N., R.3W.	Cedar Creek	3-31-31	Cedar Creek P.O.	Eleanor

Knox County	Burr (1839)	P.O. Estab.	Peck-Messinger	1980s
T.9N., R.3E.	Maquon	5-5-37	----	Maquon
T.11N., R.5E.	Rochester	(No P.O.)	(See Peoria Co.)	Elmore (Peoria Co.)
T.11N., R.2E.	KNOX C.H.	9-10-30	KNOXVILLE	KNOXVILLE
T.11N., R.1E.	Galesburg	9-20-37	Galesboro	Galesburg
T.12N., R.1E.	Henderson	5-1-37	Hendersonville	Henderson

Henry County	Burr (1839)	P.O. Estab.	Peck-Messinger	1980s
T.14N., R.5E.	----	6-6-39	Wethersfield	Wethersfield (in Kewanee)
T.15N., R.2E.	Andover	5-5-37	Andover	Andover

Mercer County	Burr (1839)	P.O. Estab.	Peck-Messinger	1980s
T.13N., R.2W.	Popes Cr.	5-12-38	----	----
T.14N., R.5W.	NEW BOSTON	8-27-35	NEW BOSTON	New Boston (Near Boden or Mathersville)
T.15N., R.2W.	Farlows Grove	11-4-36	----	

Stark County	Burr (1839)	P.O. Estab.	Peck-Messinger	1980s
T.12N., R.6E.	Wyoming	12-14-35	Wyoming	Wyoming
T.14N., R.7E.	Hamilton	4-13-37 (10-9-39 Disc.)	----	----
T.14N., R.6E.	----	(No P.O.)	Osceola	Osceola

Table 3
RIVERS & CREEKS NAMED ON MAPS OF WESTERN ILLINOIS

A. Drainage to Mississippi River

County	Burr (1839)	Peck-Messinger	1980s
MERCER	Edwards R.	Edwards Riv.	Edwards River
	Popes River	Popes R.	Pope Creek
WARREN	Henderson R.	Hendersons R.	Henderson Creek
	(Cedar Creek)	Cedar Fork	Cedar Creek
	Toms Cr.	**	South Henderson Creek
	Ellisons Cr.	Elisons Cr.	Ellisons Creek
	Log Cr.	Honey Cr.	Honey Creek
	**	Camp Cr.	Dugout Creek
HANCOCK	Bear Creek	North Fork	Bear Creek
ADAMS	Bear Creek	Bear Creek	Bear Creek
	Bear Creek	North Fork	Bear Creek
	**	South Fork	South Fork
PIKE	**	Snycaptee Slough	The Sny
	**	Bay Creek	Bay Creek

B. Drainage to Illinois River

County	Burr (1839)	Peck-Messinger	1980s
STARK (Putnam)	Spoon River	Spoon River	Spoon River
KNOX	Spoon River	Spoon River	Spoon River
	Soldier Cr.	**	Walnut Creek
	**	Haw Cr.	Haw Creek
PEORIA	**	Senatchwine Cr.	Senachwine
	Kickapoo R.	Kickapoo R.	Kickapoo R.
FULTON	(Copperas Cr.)	Copperas Cr.	Copperas Creek
	**	Duck C.	Duck Creek
	**	Buckhorn C.	Buckheart Creek
	Spoon River	Spoon River	Spoon River
	West Fork	West Fork	Swan Creek
	**	Putnams Cr.	Put Creek
	**	Sheens C.	Shaw Creek
	**	Big Creek	Big Creek
	Otter Creek	Otter Creek	Otter Creek
WARREN	West Fork	West Fork	Swan Creek/Cedar Creek
McDONOUGH-HANCOCK	R. La Mine	Crooked Creek	LaMoine River
	**	Houstons Cr.	LaMoine River
	**	Bagby Cr.	South Branch
	**	Deckers Cr.	LaHarpe Creek
	**	Job Cr.	Baptist Creek
MCDONOUGH	R. La Mine	Browning Fork	LaMoine River-East Fork
	**	Camp Cr.	East Fork
	**	Spring Creek	Spring Creek
	**	Town F.	Killjordan Creek
	**	Troublesome Cr.	Troublesome Creek
	**	Turkey Cr.	Camp Creek
	**	Grindstone Cr.	Grindstone Creek
SCHUYLER	(Wilcox Cr.)	Sugar Creek	Sugar Creek
	(R. LaMine)	Crooked Creek	LaMoine River
	**	McKees Creek	McKee Creek
PIKE	**	McKees Creek	McKee Creek

**—Creek on map but NO name given.

GREENBUSH VIGILANTES: AN ORGANIZATIONAL DOCUMENT

John Lee Allaman

Vigilantes! The word immediately conjures up images of fast guns, mob law, and lynchings. It is almost always associated with the raw frontier mining camps of Montana, Nevada, and California in the late 1800s where no organized law existed. The basic justification for vigilance committees was given by early Montana historian Thomas J. Dimsdale in 1866, when he wrote, "society must be preserved from demoralization and anarchy; murder, arson and robbery must be prevented or punished. . . . Justice, and protection from wrong to person or property, are the birthright of every American citizen. . . ." Dimsdale claimed that a vigilance committee should be established "where justice is powerless as well as blind." Hubert H. Bancroft, writing in 1887, said that the people have a "bounden duty, to hold perpetual vigil in all matters relating to their governance, to guard their laws with circumspection, and sleeplessly to watch their servants chosen to execute them."[1]

Mob violence does not always equal vigilantism. Several studies have proven that vigilantism has many different levels of severity. Definitions of vigilantism can run the spectrum from illegal mob violence to any kind of policing action by a group other than the duly constituted governmental law enforcement agencies. Richard Maxwell Brown in *Strain of Violence* proved that vigilantes or regulators (as they were called before 1851) existed in most sections of the United States during the nineteenth century. He claimed that vigilante groups existed for only a short while and disappeared when the criminal actions that fostered their creation were eliminated. Brown classified organized anti-horse thief associations as non-vigilante policing groups, but Patrick B. Nolan, in "Vigilantes on the Middle Border," claimed that they were vigilante organizations. During 1879, in Clark County, Missouri, an anti-horse thief association hanged one accused murderer after he had been declared not guilty in a court of law.[2]

Vigilantes have been defined in various ways. In this study, any semi-organized extra-legal group promoting law and order is viewed as a vigilante organization. This definition includes claim associations and anti-horse thief associations as well as acknowledged regulators and vigilantes.

Without a doubt, mob and vigilante activities are hard to define. A mob can become an organized vigilante group, or organized vigilantes can be involved in mob actions. The distinct difference between a vigilante group and a mob group is supposed to be organization. Vigilantes are thought to be more ordered and controllable in their actions. But both mob violence and vigilantism are examples of a populace willing to take action against a perceived threat to their existence or lifestyle.

Illinois has witnessed some vigilante and mob activities. Richard Brown listed sixteen counties in Illinois as having been scenes of vigilante activity in the 1800s. Both southern and northern Illinois are known for their vigilante activities. In the 1840s, regulators were active in Ogle County, "to free themselves from the dominion and presence of the law-defying, terror-inspiring and crime-stained" outlaws that seemed to control the county government. In southern Illinois in the same period, in the counties of Johnson, Pope, and Massac, virtual civil war existed between two rival vigilante groups called the Regulators and the Flatheads. Incidents of vigilantism and violence in Illinois also existed in the late 1800s. In the 1860s and 1870s, the Bloody Vendetta in Williamson County became a very well organized family feud with supporters on each side trying to exterminate the other side. In 1881, the central Illinois counties of Woodford and McLean recorded a lynching attempt by the Woodford County Protective Vigilance Committee and a mob hanging that occurred in downtown Bloomington.[3]

Western Illinois also had a record of violence and vigilantes. In Morgan and Scott counties in the 1820s, regulators were thought so highly of that the mythical character of Captain Slick, the regulator, became a part of local folklore. The word "slick" may have been a short word for slickering or whipping with a hickory stick. In the 1830s, Mercer County is known to have had an informal claim association that protected squatter rights. Some individuals who settled on public lands in Mercer County had never purchased their claims from the federal government. To protect their illegal land claims, some residents gathered together to intimidate legitimate purchasers of federal lands from settling areas already occupied by the squatters. Mormon and anti-Mormon conflict in Hancock County in the 1840s forced organized anti-Mormons at Carthage to publicly adopt in September, 1843, a resolution claiming "That when the Government ceases to afford protection, the citizens of course fall back upon their original inherent right of self-defense." The right of self defense ultimately ended in the 1844 mob murder of Joseph Smith. Two other examples of mob and vigilante activity occurred in the 1870s. In 1873, at Yates City in Knox County, a sex murderer was almost lynched by an enraged mob. In 1876, a convicted murderer was legally hanged in Henderson County and members of the Henderson County Union Vigilance Committee had been present during his trial and incarceration to make sure justice was served.[4]

While many examples and stories of vigilantism seem to exist, little attention has been paid to the source documents of the vigilante commitees, such as minute books or constitutions. Only a small number of vigilante documents have been published over the years.[5] In Illinois, no modern scholarly writing has reprinted any old vigilante documents. There are two reasons for this: often the records have not survived, and usually vigilante activities were conducted in secrecy and no records were kept. However, local community newspapers often reported activities of the vigilante committees.

One example is the constitution of the Greenbush Mutual Protecting Company in Warren County. The printed constitution appeared in both the *Monmouth Atlas* for September 6, 1850 and the *Oquawka Spectator* for September 18, 1850. This constitution is unique for two reasons. The existence of the document shows that rural non-river counties also had law enforcement problems just like the supposedly more violent river counties. Secondly, the constitution lists the names of several members of the organization so a determination can be made of the socio-economic status of some of them.[6]

The major reasons for the creation of the Greenbush Mutual Protecting Company seems to have been a rash of horse-thievery, robbery, and counterfeiting in the area. The specific incident that evoked the company occurred a few weeks before in the town of Greenbush: during a funeral service, a grocery was entered and money was taken. The idea of vigilante justice must have been popular in Warren County because in the same issue of the *Monmouth Atlas* that carried the publication of the Greenbush constitution there was also an editorial praising the creation of the company. C. K. Smith, editor of the *Monmouth Atlas,* wrote, "We regard this movement [the Mutual Protecting Company] as a good one, and believe it to be perhaps the only manner in which the horde of thieves and counterfeiters now infecting this portion of the state, can be routed and driven away." He went on to write that "Hardly a day passes that we do not hear of stealing of some sort in our immediate vicinity or near by."[7]

The Greenbush Mutual Protecting Company was organized to protect the residents of Greenbush and the surrounding area in southeastern Warren County from horse thieves and counterfeiters. The company was created twenty years after the first settler had arrived in the Greenbush area in 1830. The Greenbush Company was instituted along paramilitary lines with a captain as head of the outlaw pursuing company of seven individuals. The founders of the group believed they were a lawful and legal institution because they ordered that "a faithful record of all the proceedings of said company" should be kept. The company had some kind of pseudo legal legitimacy when it was claimed in the constitution that the "laws of the State allows fifty dollars for the apprehension and conviction of a horse thief." One would assume that since the company boldly advertised its creation that it received tacit approval of its existence from the Warren County sheriff and court system. It was planned that the

group would meet every three months to conduct a business meeting and have a captain, treasurer, and secretary as officers.[8]

Usually, organized vigilance committees were made up of the prosperous and property owning members of a community or locale. They had the most to lose so they wanted to protect their property from the unsavory elements of society. The membership list of the Greenbush Mutual Protecting Company, which appeared with the constitution, seems to reinforce the idea that a vigilance committee was made up of the pillars of society. The following table taken from the 1850 United States Census for Warren County shows that most of the members of the company were in their thirties and owned property.

Name	Age	Occupation	Value of Real Estate	Place of Birth
Philip J. Karnes	35	Cooper	800	Germany
Hezekiah Simmons	44	Farmer	1800	Mass.
Alfred Osborn	36	Merchant	500	Maine
Stephen Laurance	38	Farmer	1000	Ohio
John A. Waugh	36	Farmer	500	Virginia
Peyton A. Vaughnn	39	Farmer	2900	Virginia
John C. Bond	50	Farmer	780	Tennessee
John A. Butler	23	Farmer		Ohio
Wm. H. Pierce	34	Farmer	1320	Vermont
Reuben Holeman	33	Farmer	1000	Indiana

The major occupation listed was farmer, but a cooper and a merchant were also included. The place of birth for the members was almost equally divided between the northeastern, midwestern, and southern parts of the United States. Hence, the company was not made up entirely of supposedly violent southern-born hotheads who would rather settle problems with violence than negotiation.[9]

The first officers of the company were prominent individuals of the Greenbush area. Captain John C. Bond (December 25, 1799-May 20, 1882) was a land owner, an Illinois militia major, and a Justice of the Peace for Greenbush. He had also served as an early Warren County Commissioner. Bond had been born in Tennessee but moved in the late 1820s to Morgan County, Illinois and then about 1834 he moved to Warren County. One wonders if Bond had gained a positive appreciation of vigilantism from the early settlers of Morgan County. Alfred Osborn, the treasurer, operated a mercantile store in the town of Greenbush for some years. William H. Pierce (January 23, 1816-February 25, 1880), the secretary of the company, was a school teacher, shoemaker, and land owning farmer. He had come to Greenbush in 1836. He was a fever medicine salesman in the 1840s and he happened to be in Carthage in Hancock County the day Joseph Smith was killed by a mob.[10]

Interestingly, the constitution of the Greenbush Mutual Protecting Company and the socio-economic level of its members compares favor-

John C. Bond

William H. Pierce

ably with the famous San Francisco Committee of Vigilance created on June 9, 1851. The 1851 and 1856 San Francisco Vigilance Committees gave vigilantism a new respectability as well as a new name. Regulators became vigilantes. While the constitution of the 1851 Committee of Vigilance is a little more specific about security for life and prosperity, the San Francisco committee was somewhat similar to the Greenbush company in having a president, secretary, and treasurer as well as a sergeant at arms. The San Francisco committee was also composed of individuals with an economic stake in the community. Most of them were merchants, clerks, or tradesmen. While the San Francisco committee strongly claimed that it was "for the maintenance of the peace and good order of Society and the preservation of laws and property," the actual constitution was not as lengthy or detailed as the Greenbush constitution.[11]

The existence of the Greenbush Mutual Protecting Company constitution proves that vigilantism once existed in Warren County. The backgrounds of the members of the company show that they were not wild-eyed radicals but rather prosperous property owning citizens bent on retaining their conception of an orderly society. They believed that the Greenbush company was a legitimate legal institution. While the constitution seems to imply that the company was very law abiding and only existed to help enforce the laws of Illinois, the actual record of the vigilantes in capturing and punishing local lawbreakers is unknown. The organization probably did not survive through the Civil War era.

MUTUAL PROTECTING COMPANY

At an adjourned meeting of the citizens of Green Bush and vicinity, they convened at the school-house in Green Bush, on Saturday the 24th of August, for the purpose of organizing a

MUTUAL PROTECTING COMPANY

Whereupon, Maj. John C. Bond was selected as chairman, Wm. H. Pierce chosen as secretary. The object of the meeting having been explained by Maj. Bond, he thereupon, on behalf of the committee appointed at a previous meeting, presented the following Constitution and by-laws, which were unanimously adopted:

Article 1st. This company shall be called the Mutual Protecting Company, and it shall be their duty to catch all horse-thieves and counterfeiters that commit any depredations upon said company.

Art. 2d. This company shall consist of one Captain and such other officers as the company may see fit to elect.

Art. 3d. The Captain shall preside as chairman at all meetings of said company if present, and if not, the company to appoint one of their members chairman pro tem.

Art. 4th. There shall be one Treasurer elected by said company, whose duty it shall be to safe keep all moneys that may come into his hands belonging to said company, and pay the same out when called for.

Art. 5th. There shall be a committee of vigilance consisting of seven, who shall be elected by said company, whose duty it shall be when anything is stolen, or any counterfeit money passed, to draw on the treasurer for money and select men to follow said thief or counterfeiter, and the one that lost the property, or had the counterfeit money passed on him, if not too old or sick to be one that goes.

Art. 6th. Each member of the company, shall at the time he joins said company, pay into the treasury fifty cents, subject to be called upon for fifty cents more in case it is needed.

Art. 7th. No man can become a member of this company after he has had his property stolen for the purpose of drawing money out of the treasury to gain it.

Art. 8th. There shall be one secretary elected by the company whose duty it shall be to keep a faithful record of all the proceedings of said company, and it shall be the duty of the treasurer to report to the secretary every three months of all the money in his hands belonging to said company.

Art. 9th. The officers of this company shall hold their office for one year, and until their successors are elected.

Art. 10th. This company shall meet every three months, at such time and place as said company may determine, but they cannot transact business unless there is a majority of said members present.

Art. 11th. This company may dissolve at any regular meeting, by two-thirds of said company voting for the same, and if the money in the hands of the treasurer has not been appropriated to be returned to the person who gave it.

Art. 12th. It is not expected that the men who follow the thief and catch him, will receive anything from the company more than their expenses, as the laws of the State allows fifty dollars for the apprehension and conviction of a horse thief.

Art. 13th. All persons wishing to become members of this company, can do so, by paying their money to one of the officers of said company, if they have a good moral character, and that officer paying it over to the treasurer, or pay it over to the treasurer themselves.

After the adoption of the above constitution, upon motion, Reuben Holeman, Stephen Lieurance, Hezekiah Simmons, John Butler, Philip Karnes, Peyton A. Vaughan and John A. Waugh, were elected a committee of vigilance.

Also upon motion, Maj. Bond was elected Captain of said company, Alfred Osborn, Esq., Treasurer, and William H. Pierce, Secretary.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and the Secretary forward the same to the editors of the Atlas and Spectator for publication.

Resolved, That this company adjourn to meet at the school house in Greenbush, on the first Monday in November next.

JOHN C. BOND, *Pres't.*

Wm. H. Pierce, *Sec'y.*

NOTES

[1]Thomas J. Dimsdale, *The Vigilantes of Montana or Popular Justice in the Rocky Mountains* . . . (Virginia City, M.T.: Montana Post Press, D. W. Tilton & Co., Book and and Job Printers, 1866; reprint ed., n.p.: Time Life Books, Inc., 1981), p. 15; and Hubert Howe Bancroft, *Popular Tribunals,* 2 vols., *The Works of Hubert Howe Bancroft,* vols. 36, 37 (San Francisco: The History Company, Publishers, 1887), I, 9.

[2]Richard Maxwell Brown, *Strain of Violence: Historical Studies of American Violence and Vigilantism* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1975), pp. 95-133; Craig B. Little and Christopher P. Sheffield, "Frontiers and Criminal Justice: English Private Prosecution Societies and American Vigilantism in the Eighteen and Nineteenth Centuries," *American Sociological Review,* 48 (1983), 786-808; Patrick Bates Nolan, "Vigilantes on the Middle Border: A Study of Self-Appointed Law Enforcement in the States of the Upper Mississippi from 1840 to 1880" (Ph.D. dissertation, Univ. of Minnesota, 1971), pp. 150-165; Philip D. Jordan, *Frontier Law and Order: Ten Essays* (Lincoln: Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1970), pp. 93-95; and J. W. Murphy, *Outlaws of the Fox River Country: Story of the Whiteford and Spencer Tragedies* (Hannibal, Mo.: Hannibal Printing Company, 1882), pp. 109-14.

[3]Brown, p. 309; Rodney O. Davis, "Judge Ford and the Regulators, 1841-1842," in *Selected Papers in Illinois History 1981,* ed. Bruce D. Cody (Springfield: Illinois State Historical Society, 1982), pp. 25-36; *The History of Ogle County, Illinois* . . . (Chicago: H. F. Kett & Co., 1878), p. 369; James A. Rose, "The Regulators and Flatheads in Southern Illinois," in *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1906* (1906), 108-121; Paul M. Angle, *Bloody Williamson: A Chapter in American Lawlessness* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1952), pp. 72-88; Milo Erwin, *The History of Williamson County, Illinois* . . . (Marion, Illinois: n.p., 1876; reprint ed., Marion, Illinois: Williamson County Historical Society, 1976), pp. 114-233; George W. Young, "The Williamson County Vendetta," in *Transactions of the Illinois State Historical Society for the Year 1914* (1915), 122-129; "The Vigilantes," *Bloomington Pantagraph,* 4 March 1881, p. 1; "Missed His Hanging," *Bloomington Pantagraph,* 8 March 1881, p. 4; H. Clay Tate, *The Way It Was in McLean County 1972-1822* (Bloomington, Illinois: McLean County History '72 Association, 1972), pp. 58-61; and Robert S. Johnston, "Early Crime and Punishment in Illinois," *Illinois State Genealogical Society Quarterly,* 18 (1986), 3.

[4]Jacksonville *Illinois Patriot,* 31 August 1833, p. 2: 7 September 1833, p 2; John E. Hallwas, *Western Illinois Heritage* (Macomb, Illinois: Illinois Heritage Press, 1983), pp. 29-31; Don Harrison Doyle, *The Social Order of a Frontier Community: Jacksonville, Illinois 1825-70* (Urbana. Univ. of Illinois Press, 1978), pp. 209-210; Clarke Thomas and Jack Glendenning, *The Slicker War* (Aldrich, Missouri: Bona Publishing Company, 1984), p. 1; Rodney O. Davis, "Coming to Terms with County Histories," *Western Illinois Regional Studies* 2 (1979), 150, 155; *History of Mercer and Henderson Counties* . . . (Chicago: H. H. Hill and Company. 1882), pp 80, 279-81, 707, 747, Joseph Smith, Jr., *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day*

Saints, ed. B. H. Roberts, 2nd ed., rev., 7 vols. (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1976; paperback ed., 1978), 6:7; A. M. Swan, *Life, Trial, Conviction, Confession and Execution of John Marion Osborne . . .* (Peoria, Ill.: National Democrat Print, 1873), pp. 10-13; and John Lee Allaman, "The Crime, Trial, and Execution of William W. Lee of East Burlington, Illinois," *Western Illinois Regional Studies* 6 (1983), 54, 56, 58, 61.

[5]See Porter Garnett, ed., *Papers of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance of 1851 I, Publications of the Academy of Pacific Coast History*, vol. 1, no. 7 (Berkeley: Univ. of California, 1910), pp. 291-92; Benjamin F. Shambaugh, ed., *Constitution and Records of the Claim Association of Johnson County Iowa* (Iowa City: State Historical Society of Iowa, 1894; reprint ed., New York: Arno Press, 1979), pp. 3-16; Charles W. Shull, ed., "Minutes of Vigilance Committee, Florence Nebraska, May 29-July 30, 1857," *Nebraska History* 58 (1977), 73-87; "Roxbury Committee of Vigilance, 1834-1835." *Massachusetts Historical Society Proceedings* 53 (1920), 325-331; and "Thieves Beware," *The Palimpsest* 13 (1932), 487-94.

[6]"Mutual Protecting Company," *Monmouth Atlas*, 6 September 1850, p. 2; "Mutual Protecting Company," *Oquawka Spectator*, 18 September 1850, p. 2; and Nolan, p. 103.

[7]"Protection Against Horse Thieves and Counterfeiters," *Monmouth Atlas*, 6 September 1850, p. 2.

[8]*Monmouth Atlas*, 6 September 1850, p. 2; and *Oquawka Spectator*, 18 September 1850, p. 2.

[9]Brown, p. 97; U.S. National Archives, 1850 Census, Population Schedule for Warren County, Illinois; and Richard Maxwell Brown, "Southern Violence — Regional Problem or National Nemesis?: Legal Attitudes Toward Southern Homicide in National Perspective," *Vanderbilt Law Review* 32 (1979), 225-50.

[10]William L. Snapp, *Early Days in Greenbush with Biographical Sketches of the Old Settlers* (Springfield, Ill.: H. W. Rokker Co., Printers and Binders, 1905; reprint ed., Roseville, Illinois: Carlberg Printing Co., n.d.), pp. 49-52, 12, 154-155; and *Portrait and Biographical Album of Warren County, Illinois . . .* (Chicago: Chapman Brothers, 1886; reprint ed.; [Roseville, Illinois: Carlberg Publishing Co., 1979]), pp. 189-90.

[11]Mary Floyd Williams, *History of the San Francisco Committee of Vigilance of 1851 . . .* (Berkeley: Univ. of California Press, 1921; reprint ed., New York: Da Capo Press, 1969), pp. 186-207. For other studies see Brown, *Strain of Violence*, pp. 134-143; Bancroft, *Popular Tribunals;* David A. Johnson, "Vigilance and the Law: The Moral Authority of Popular Justice in the Far West," *American Quarterly* 33 (1981), 558-586; Joseph M. Kelly, "Shifting Interpretation of the San Francisco Vigilantes," *Journal of the West* 24 (1985), 39-46; and Robert M. Senkewicz, *Vigilantes in Gold Rush San Francisco* (Stanford: Stanford Univ. Press, 1985).

THE HENNEPIN CANAL AS COMMUNITY

Donald W. Griffin

A previous article in this journal emphasized the influence of the Hennepin Canal in creating a sense of place for people in the waterway's vicinity who were associated with its history over several decades.[1] Equally significant is how the canal functioned as a community—or even possibly a "company town"—for the overseers, locktenders, and patrolmen and their families because of a single employer, defined work styles, and a common life style which, however, featured different degrees of status. Further, limited evidence suggests that son followed father as canal employees, and both father and son were often employed on the canal during the same span of years.[2]

The main line of the Hennepin Canal was a seventy-five mile route from the great bend of the Illinois River west to the Mississippi River. A twenty-nine mile canal feeder from Rock Falls on the Rock River to a point between Sheffield and Mineral supplied water to the main line; the water then flowed east and west through a series of pools and locks. Construction of the waterway by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers began in 1892 and was completed in 1907. The first ship through on November 8, 1907, was the U.S. *Marion*. Commercial traffic on the canal ceased July 1, 1951, and on August 1, 1970, the ownership deed was transferred from the federal government to the state of Illinois.[3]

There were thirty-two locks on the canal's main line. From Lock 1 on the Illinois River, the canal ascended 196 feet in eighteen miles to the summit at Lock 21 west of Wyanet. (Canal locks were numbered consecutively from the Illinois River.) The summit between Lock 21 and Lock 22 was eleven miles in length. From Lock 22 the canal descended to the Rock River northeast of Moline and then to Milan and the Mississippi River at Lock 32. A guard lock (Lock 33) at the head of the feeder controlled the flow of water from a dam on the Rock River. The entire canal right-of-way was delimited by wire strung on 165-pound fence posts manufactured by the Corps of Engineers at a post factory just west of Lock 17.

During the more than forty years of commercial operation the corps employed fifty or more men full-time to operate and maintain the canal.[4] This labor force, all civilians, was under the supervision of the corps' Rock Island district office; the engineer-in-charge lived at Lock 33.

In addition to locktenders, the full-time labor force included overseers and patrolmen. The overseers administered sections of the canal, which varied in length from four to twelve miles. Each overseer supervised the locktenders and patrolmen in his section, and was responsible for hiring part-time employees during the summer months for maintenance work. Overseers were provided with motor launches. Patrolmen were responsible for maintaining their sections of the canal, particularly in regard to preventing breaks from occurring in the canal banks.

All full-time civilian employees lived in corps-owned houses whose rent was deducted from their salaries. Each house was provided with a large garden plot and, in some cases, an orchard. The corps encouraged each employee to keep stock which were allowed to graze on the canal right-of-way. The corps also granted locktenders and patrolmen exclusive trapping rights in the area adjacent to their homes.[5] In addition to supplementing income, the grazing stock helped control the grass cover, while trapping, especially of muskrat, reduced the threat of breaks in the canal banks.[6]

Each house on the canal was connected by telephone. As with the fence posts that marked the canal right-of-way, the telephone poles were of concrete, each weighing 750 pounds, and manufactured at the post factory west of Lock 17. The main purpose of the telephone system was to alert locktenders in advance of an approaching boat so that the lock could be readied for entering. Undoubtedly, the telephone system had a secondary, social function in that it allowed each employee (and their families) to maintain close, personal contact, even during the winter months when the canal was closed to navigation.

The Hennepin Canal was open to navigation for an average of eight months a year. During this eight-month period, barges were locked, banks were patrolled and strengthened, boats repaired, and otherwise general maintenance performed. In addition, locktenders were responsible for keeping the grass cover mowed 500 feet above and below each lock; in some cases, flower beds were planted along the sides of the locks.[7]

The common, but slightly different life styles of the canal community can be seen in the types of houses constructed by the Corps of Engineers. The largest house on the canal, which was built of concrete blocks, was the residence of the engineer-in-charge at Lock 33. The houses of the civilian employees, while smaller in size than the residence at Lock 33, featured some notable differences.

Thirteen of fourteen overseers' houses were built by the corps. Seven of the corps-built houses were of common design, being two-story frame structures with eight rooms on a foundation twenty-four feet by thirty feet.[8] Each overseers' house had indoor plumbing, which was a mark of social status during the first half of the century.

The corps also constructed thirty-eight houses for locktenders and patrolmen. Somewhat smaller than the overseers' houses, thirty were identical two-story frame structures with gambrel roofs containing seven rooms on a foundation twenty-two feet by twenty-eight feet.[9] The lock-

Residence of the engineer-in-charge at the head of the feeder (Lock 33). (Photograph courtesy of Hennepin Canal Parkway.)

From left, overseers Clark Abbott, George F. Echert, Jr., W. H. Murphy, George F. Echert, Sr., and Engineer Patrick Walton, fall, 1907. (Photograph courtesy of Hennepin Canal Parkway.)

Overseer's house at Mile 26 from the Illinois River north of Sheffield. (Photograph courtesy of Hennepin Canal Parkway.)

The Locktender's houseboat at Lock 1. (Photograph courtesy of Hennepin Canal Parkway.)

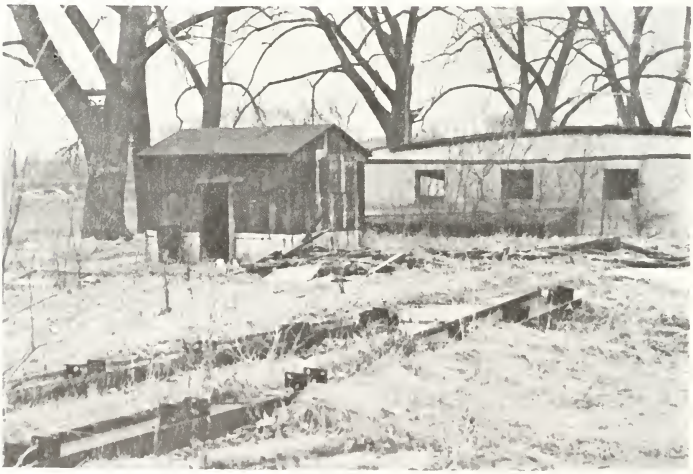
Patrolman's house on the feeder, 3.9 miles north of the summit. (Photograph courtesy of Hennepin Canal Parkway.)

Overseer's and locktender's houses at Lock 22. (Photograph courtesy of Hennepin Canal Parkway.)

Locktender's house at Lock 19 immediately south of Wyanet. (Photograph courtesy of Hennepin Canal Parkway.)

Partially restored locktender's house at Lock 19.

Overseer's house at Lock 24 north of Geneseo. (Photograph courtesy of Hennepin Canal Parkway.)



The post factory west of Lock 17 where concrete fence posts and telephone poles were manufactured, c. 1970. All that remains today are the factory's foundations. (Photograph courtesy of Hennepin Canal Parkway.)

Partially restored overseer's house at Mile 20. (Photograph courtesy of Hennepin Canal Parkway.)

Former locktender's house directly north of Lock 11 and now a private residence. The house was moved from south of the lock to its present location in the 1960s.

tender's residence at Lock 1 also consisted of seven rooms, but was a houseboat which was moved during the winter months and put into dry dock. All of these houses lacked indoor plumbing.

In 1961 the Army Corps of Engineers began rehabilitation work as part of an agreement with the state that would ultimately transfer the canal right-of-way to the Illinois Department of Conservation. Also at this time, the corps tried to find buyers for most of the canal houses rather than demolishing the structures. Unfortunately, in most instances there are no records which indicate who purchased the houses and where they are now located. Several other houses that remained on canal property were allowed to deteriorate, but are currently being restored.

Of the fifty-four original houses, eight remain, five of them on canal property. The residence of the engineer-in-charge at Lock 33 is occupied by an employee of the Illinois Department of Transportation, Division of Water Resources, and the overseer's house at Mile 26 from the Illinois River is rented to a private citizen.

The overseer's house at Mile 20 is vacant as are the locktenders' houses at Lock 19 and Lock 33. The locktender's house at Lock 17 was moved from its original site to canal property on Canal Street southeast of Wyanet, and is occupied by a Department of Conservation police officer. Finally, the locktenders' houses at Lock 11 and Lock 22 were moved just off canal property at those locations, and are now private residences.

Thus, little remains of what was once a well-defined and even distinctive community of people bound by a common purpose. Still, enough elements of the canal's cultural landscape are present to convey a sense of place from a former era of state history.

NOTES

I wish to thank Judy DeRycke of the Hennepin Canal Parkway Visitor Center for her help in providing the historic photographs used in this article.

[1]Donald W. Griffin, "Recollections of the Hennepin Canal," *Western Illinois Regional Studies*, 4 (1981), 50-76.

[2]Glenn E. Philpott, "The I. and M. Canal," in Jerrilee Cain, John E. Hallwas, and Victor Hicken, eds., *Tales From Two Rivers*, II (Macomb: Two Rivers Arts Council and College of Fine Arts Development, Western Illinois University, 1982), p. 223.

[3]For a more detailed discussion of the canal's construction and commercial operation phases, see Griffin, pp. 50-51, 55-57; Ruth J. Armstrong, "The Illinois and Mississippi (Hennepin) Canal," unpublished master's thesis, Illinois State University, 1961, pp. 19-44; John Joseph Steinbach, "History of the Illinois and Mississippi Canal," unpublished master's thesis, Illinois State University, 1965, pp. 33-92; Mary M. Yeater, "The Hennepin Canal, parts three-five," *Bulletin of the American Canal Society*, nos. 20-22 (November, 1976-February, 1978). (Reprint.); and Gerald A. Newton, "National Heritage Corridor Criteria: The Hennepin Canal as a Case Study," unpublished master's thesis, Western Illinois University, 1985, pp. 69-80. All

of these materials are on file in the Archives and Special Collections section of the Western Illinois University Library.

The history of the Hennepin Canal from its closing as a commercial waterway in 1951 to ownership by the state of Illinois in 1970 may be found in Newton, pp. 80-87, and Gerald A. Newton, John A. McFarland, and Donald W. Griffin, "The Hennepin Canal: New Life for an Old Waterway," *Western Illinois Regional Studies*, 7 (1984), 36-39.

[4]"Hennepin Canal Historic District, National Register of Historic Places Inventory Nomination Form," July 29, 1977 (Archives and Special Collections, Western Illinois University Library), p. 17. (Prepared by Mary M. Yeater.)

[5]Ibid., p. 18.

[6]Griffin, p. 54.

[7]Ibid., p. 58.

[8]"Hennepin Canal Historic District, ...," p. 10.

[9]Ibid., p. 11.

SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY IN ESTONIA: MATS TRAAT'S "HENRIETTE VESTRIK"

George Kurman

In 1985, three volumes of Mats Traat's selected works were published on the eve of the writer's fiftieth birthday, thereby confirming Traat's position as one of the leading Estonian authors of the last quarter century. In 1986, Traat followed with a new collection of verse, remarkable for—among other things—the continuation of a cycle with which he has been identified since 1961: the so-called "Harala Biographies." This cycle, open-ended and numbering well over fifty pieces by now, consists of free-verse poems in the speaking voice of a deceased, fictional individual, whose name usually also provides the piece's title. The poems' collective tone is decidedly elegiac, though muted: local personalities emerge as characters in brief, autobiographical sketches that almost always include a description of the way the speaker died.

Taken collectively, these brief poems, ranging from three to over twenty-five lines, begin to offer a composite portrait of a place and a time: in Traat's case they portray a village in southern Estonia between about 1930 and 1980. Indeed, several of the most recent "Harala Biographies" also function as social criticism of recent conditions.

Now fairly soon after the publication of the first batch of Traat's "Biographies" in the 1960's, it was pointed out that they were remarkably similar to those in Edgar Lee Masters' well-known volume, *Spoon River Anthology*. In fact, it became a commonplace in discussions of Traat's poetry to comment, in passing, on his apparent indebtedness to Masters. Traat, on his part, responded—surprisingly, in 1973—with an allusion to "Spoon River" in a poem whose translation follows:

HENRIETTE VESTRIK[1]

I'm really buried in America, at Spoon River.[2]
In Harala,[3] our family burial plot
has a stone with only my name and year of birth, 1907,
and my spirit flies here[4] from far away, but
I am not really here—I'm in Spoon River,
where my sister and her husband invited me to visit.[5]

Mats Traat

It happened the evening when President Nixon
made a speech on television which I didn't understand a bit,
and I even thought what a pretty smile
the president had, and how happy the wife
of such a man must be, when I suffered the heart attack.
At first neither Hilda nor Arthur noticed
what had happened to me,
but when the speech was over and it was time to go to bed,
Hilda tapped my shoulder and asked why I
was sitting with my head drooping like that, but
I didn't hear her any more—I was already in the next world.
It's indescribably sad to rest in foreign soil;
my sister and brother-in-law, too old and sick, were not able
to send me home in a galvanized iron coffin,
and now I must remain away, for all time,
for ever, and when my sister and her husband follow
me, even that last memory of me will disappear
from the earth, because no one needs a solitary
woman, an old maid, who never even got to know
what carnal joy is about.

Clearly, a minor American writer whose best-known work was published in 1915 and who himself died in 1950 has been echoed in a remote language. Like Masters, Traat was a country boy who got to know the metropolis all too well, but never forgot where he came from, or where we all, apparently, are fated to go. The art of both poets, in other words, was nurtured by their native soil, even as both addressed mortality. *Spoon River Anthology* was Masters' greatest artistic success. When Mats Traat encountered those poems in the late 1950's, at a removal of some five thousand miles and almost half a century, he must have realized that here was a splendid technique for casting in verse *his* own sense of place and history, of transience and memory. Indeed "Henriette Vestrik" might be thought of as the quintessential piece in Traat's "Harala Biographies" cycle: not only does it acknowledge the debt to "Spoon River," it also employs the "uprooted" Hilda and Arthur to refer to recent Estonian history; not only does it suggest the unease of Henriette's mortal remains resting forever far from home, it also shows how the fictional—and fictionally deceased—Ms. Vestrik continues to live in art, even as the present brief note is her (parthenogenetic—*pace* M. Traat!) first and perhaps sole offspring.

NOTES

[1]The first and last name of a fictional person. The poem is reprinted in Traat's *Valitud teosed* ("Selected works"), Vol. 3 (Tallinn: Eesti Raamat, 1985), pp. 263-64. (The English translation is by the author of the present note.)

[2]Traat apparently construes Spoon River as a town (the toponym is in the inessive case in the original Estonian, as it would be if a town or city were referred to.

[3]The poet's name for a fictional village. The entire cycle of poems is known by this name as well, which evokes Arula—Traat's actual birthplace.

[4]The poem is of course set in an Estonian graveyard. Hence "here" refers to Harala, in Estonia.

[5]A formal, written invitation to visit next of kin (along with other documentation, a tax, etc.) sometimes persuades the Soviet authorities who today illegally govern Estonia to allow certain older people to leave the "Republic" temporarily. (The sister and her husband represent two of the tens of thousands of Estonian refugees from communism who fled the country in 1944, many of whom settled in the United States.)

SELECTED LETTERS OF VIRGINIA S. EIFERT

John E. Hallwas

Virginia S. Eifert was an Illinois nature writer who achieved a considerable reputation through books like *River World* (1959), *Land of the Snowshoe Hare* (1960), and *Journeys in Green Places* (1963). She also wrote works of popular history, the most noted of which was an award-winning five-volume life of Lincoln for young readers. A Springfield native, she became a nature columnist for the *Illinois State Journal* in 1930 and later, in 1939, became the founding editor of *The Living Museum,* published by the Illinois State Museum. Until her death in 1966, she provided some of her finest writing for that monthly periodical, in the form of descriptive nature essays.[1] In recent years, she has been the subject of an extensive article and a bibliography.[2]

Eifert was a dedicated and talented letter writer. Her most extensive and revealing sequences of letters were addressed to Mertha Fulkerson of Ellison Bay, Wisconsin and Gilbert and Hazel Princell of Normandy, Missouri. That correspondence is now part of the Virginia S. Eifert Collection at Western Illinois University, which was developed through the effort of her long-time friend, Orvetta M. Robinson.[3] Fulkerson and the Princells were nature enthusiasts, as were all of Eifert's close friends.

The following letters have been selected from both sets of correspondence. They are significant for two reasons: they provide insight into the life of a remarkably talented nature writer and popular historian, and they are very well written. The natural world was Eifert's dominant interest throughout her life, and that is apparent in her correspondence, which often includes descriptive nature writing. Rivers were especially fascinating to her, and that is clear in the letters which follow, as she describes periods of observation and relaxation aboard the Mississippi River towboat *Cape Zephyr* and the riverboat *Delta Queen.* The former experience led to the writing of *River World* and, later, *Wonders of the Rivers* (1962); the latter was the basis for *Delta Queen: The Story of a Steamboat* (1960), as well as two cruise guides for that famous riverboat.

Two locations in Wisconsin were of great importance to Eifert. One was the area near Three Lakes in the far northern part of the state, where she

frequently vacationed. In 1949 Eifert, along with her husband Herman and son Larry, rented a cabin at Meadow Ruh, the home of Sidney and Emma Fell, near Long Lake. That initiated a lasting friendship with the Fells and started an association with the area that led to the writing of *Land of the Snowshoe Hare*. The opening letter in this selection of her correspondence records her initial experience with that part of the state. The other Wisconsin place was called The Clearing, an adult-education center at Ellison Bay, in Door County, which Eifert first visited in 1957. It was established by Chicago landscape architect Jens Jensen in 1935. Eifert was invited to teach there, and her nature classes soon became a mainstay of the educational program. In a letter to Mertha Fulkerson, dated January 2, 1958—and not printed here—she reveals the importance of that place in her life:

> Just a year ago today, January 2, I first learned about The Clearing! This was the day on which I received Rutherford Platt's[1] letter asking me if I could come up for a *day* or two as a guest naturalist . . . and now see what it has developed into! I well remember how welcome that letter was, coming as it did on a heavy round of entertaining and Christmasing, when the prospect of a trip, any trip, had a most lovely sound. And upper Wisconsin in May sounded superb, and was. At the time the letter came, I had a very certain feeling that it was the beginning of a great many new and fine experiences, and I was not wrong. I feel that I belong to The Clearing, and always have and that *it* belongs to me . . . as much as it can belong to any one individual. Since it also belongs to you, thanks for letting me share it![1]

The Clearing became one of the great loves of her life — a place of spiritual renewal, where she could observe plants and animals in a superbly beautiful, quiet setting, in the company of other nature enthusiasts. She taught there for a few weeks every year, until her death ten years later. Her nature observations there and elsewhere in Door County were the basis for *Journeys in Green Places*.

Eifert was a quiet, modest, rather shy individual who was not adept at promoting herself or anxious to be with groups of people. But she made friends quickly with those who shared her love for the natural world, and she valued those friendships enormously. As a result of such attachments and her writing talent, her personal letters are warm, revealing, vivid self-portrayals. If the best letters can be regarded as a kind of literary art—a performance of the self for another individual—some of hers surely qualify.

The eight letters printed here were selected from both the Fulkerson correspondence, which includes ninety-eight items by Eifert, written from 1957 to 1966, and the Princell correspondence, which includes seventy-two items by Eifert, written from 1949 to 1965. These letters were chosen because they display Eifert's enthusiasm for northern Wisconsin, her experience with rivers, her love for The Clearing, and her developing career as a writer.

Virginia S. Eifert photographed herself in a mirror with the camera she used for nature photography, c. 1950.

705 West Vine Street
Springfield, Illinois
October 19, 1949

Dear Hazel,

It was grand to hear from you in the mail this morning—I've been wondering what you planned on doing this fall, and was hoping that somehow we could wait till later! With all my gadding lately, I need to stay home a while, and Herman is busier than ever, and is even teaching Saturday mornings now, much against my own wishes! And I had heard about the full schedule of Elizabeth and Elinor.[2] But what's to stop you and Gilbert from coming up here for a weekend — or a day, or a day-and-night, whatever is best for you? We expect to be here indefinitely the rest of the fall and winter, and we are hungry for the sight of you.

As for that dinner invitation at your house — I think we can work it out some time, when it's convenient for you. We expect to come to St. Louis some Saturday next month, or perhaps early in December, to pick up an order of Christmas ornaments from Mr. Frohse, and since we can't stay over Saturday night anyway, it would be a time to see you briefly. We could have an early dinner and not stay too late. Think about it, anyway. And think also about a trip up here. Elizabeth and Elinor can't come up for geese this year, but what's to stop you and Gilbert?

Elizabeth wrote and suggested that we come to St. Louis the last weekend in October, Friday and Saturday, staying at her house, going back Saturday night. Besides not feeling that it is right for four people to camp with the Goltermans while her mother is in such bad shape, we decided we couldn't manage the weekend as suggested. Then Herman came up with the idea of moving his Saturday pupils to another time, so that we could all get an early start and drive to Elsah, meet Elizabeth, Elinor, and you, and maybe others, have a cook-out at noon, and some hikes, and then go home again by dark. Think you could do it? I'm writing to Elizabeth tonight to suggest it to her, and I hope it works out because that was her last free Saturday for a while, it seemed. Or we could meet out at Dardenne or somewhere, unless the hunting season was on. We'll see. But do try to manage a visit with us up here, too. We do want to see you and tell you about the north in autumn.

Yes, you should play hookey, you and Gilbert and the Lyons, and all the others who love the north, and go up there the end of September. I have never seen anything to equal it — I've marveled at autumn colors in Illinois and Indiana and Missouri, and thought we had the finest show anywhere in the land. But that was before I came to the color-country of the north. I felt more deeply touched by natural beauty than I can ever remember before, and felt, with Edna St. Vincent Millay —

> "Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year.
> Here such a glory is as teareth me apart.
> Lord, let fall no burning leaf.
> Let no bird call."[3]

I haven't remembered this correctly, I know, but the sense of it is there, and it expresses what that country was. The colors are so pure, so undiluted, so crisp and amazing, so vital, like the pigments in a color chart. The aspens off across the country were like canary-colored plumes. Seeing them across the level fields or down a road, they seemed unlike trees, and when one drove or walked beneath them, it was like traveling in a golden atmosphere which was almost tangible upon one's skin. The little roads in sugar maple country were like that, too, especially the road around past the boat dam and up the hills and down, on the way to Clearwater Lake. And when a grey deer leaps across the road, in all that golden light, the picture is complete. The deer have all changed to their grey coats now, and I can't decide which dress I prefer them in.

There was a heavy white frost several mornings after we arrived and it burned off most of the scarlet-pink red maple leaves. But the oaks turned color early this year (for our benefit) and so there came a deeper, richer red and a wonderful purple. Even the tamaracks changed color far earlier than normally, so that our big bog was full of slender pale yellow tamaracks against the blue-green of the spruces. And one bright, blindingly beautiful day, I went down into that bog and picked wild cranberries—little ruby jewels against the sphagnum hummocks of the muskeg. And made sauce to bring home. That's one reason why you must come up here to dinner—wild cranberry sauce and wild red cranberry jam from Wisconsin!

I even did some painting! Larry was content to play at the Fells,[4] under Mrs. Fell's kindly, watchful eye, so several mornings I took the car and went down the roads, rambling, exploring, and settled down for three paintings. One isn't bad; the others, poor. But it was fun to get into paint again. My color photos, I think, were a trifle underexposed. They haven't all the brillance which I saw. I wish Gilbert could have been there to take some really good ones. I suppose he's been busy, as usual, this fall, with picture-taking and picture-instruction.

The whole thing was a spendid experience—the chill early morning (4:30 a.m.) when we had to change trains at Monico, and saw the dawn come over the bogs, then, as we moved toward Eagle River, caught our first glimpse of stupendous color. And Mrs. Fell's big buckwheat pancakes to revive us! . . . Lakes margined with pure color, and a long flock of Canada geese slowly flapping south down the length of Long Lake . . . a porcupine asleep high up in a slim red maple whose few remaining leaves were bright pink against the blue . . . Grey deer beside the golden roads, grey deer along the forest trials . . . ruffed grouse in full plumage, walking under the frosted brackens, or flying across the road, or "frozen" up in a hemlock while we circled below—and got a picture . . . the silent mirrored beauty of Lower Nine Mile at the Box Car Dam, and all those golden birches made doubly beautiful by their reflections in the still water . . . the hysterical yammering of a pileated woodpecker in the complete silence of the forest — such silence here, it rings in the ears and presses in on all sides. The single voice of a bird or the sound of its wings in flight is loud and stands

out sharply in the color and the silence . . . red leaves patterning the trail through the Big Woods . . . purple asters all along the roads . . . the osprey nest dumped upside down on the ground . . . a picnic every day . . . white frost, almost as thick as snow, over the uplands at Meadow Ruh . . . the aspen leaves falling like confetti . . . aspens and maples bare and ready for winter . . . these were some of the things which you would have so much enjoyed. Let's *all* go back next fall!

Let us know what you can work out about a trip up here and to Elsah on the 29th.

Affectionately,
Virginia

[In the margin:] Did you see "A Lake for the Lincoln Country" in the July-August "Audubon"? If not, I'll send you one—you'll find much that is familiar to you because it was inspired by last autumn's geese and your visit.[5]

[In the top border:] Will you send these clippings back — please?

March 16, 1955

Dear Hazel and Gilbert,

Looks like you've sent me two letters, hopefully, and I've been mighty silent! I've loved hearing from you, and really have meant to write before this, but I've been up to my ears in *Out of the Wilderness,* and other writing simply hasn't taken place.

How are you both, and how is Carol, and is Buddy back?[6] If he is, then you're getting back to living normally again, aren't you? How about a trip to Elsah some soon Sunday or Saturday? Or a jaunt up here?? Or . . . ?

The river trip, as always, was wonderful fun.[7] It wasn't as beautiful a trip from the standpoint of the shores, but in its own way it was fascinating. I'll begin at the beginning:

The Captain was to telephone me six hours before getting to Alton; Mr. Huffman said the *Cape* wouldn't stop at the terminal, so it would be better to get on at Alton. However, they did stop at the terminal, and Captain Houchin telephoned from there at 6 a.m. Sunday—only five hours before Alton. It was entirely the wrong time of day for me to get to Alton! Herman had to be back for a nine o'clock service, and there wasn't time for him to drive me and get back. There was no train, no bus, no interurban. Sunday morning was a bad time to impose on one of several friends. So I drove down myself and left the car at Alton locks, and Herman and Larry came down on the train in the afternoon, picked up the car, and drove home! Life is always complicated when Mama gets on a boat. I never knew it to fail.

Anyway, I got down there much too early, and was thankful I had the car to sit in because there was a raw, cold wind blowing. The *Cape* finally came into the lock shortly after noon—very pitifully I had missed Sunday dinner. I waited till the water had risen so there wouldn't be quite so many steps to go down, and then went down the lock ladder to the barges. Bill

Milam and Russell Kirkpatrick were on duty and helped the old lady down, bags and baggage; Al Milam, Bill's older brother, was the mate. Captain Griffin was up in the pilot-house, doing the second watch on this run because Captain Houchin was aboard; the two aren't such good friends, which is an unhappy situation. Captain Joseph quit because of Captain Houchin and is on the *Trade Winds*. Well, it was like Old Home Week. It warmed my heart. Ilar Wilson got up to welcome me aboard. The deckhands were cordial. Captain Griffin was glad to see me, then told me to hurry down and see the Todds, who had just got on that morning (lucky me!) and get something to eat. Mrs. Todd knew I was coming aboard at Alton so she had saved out three nice pieces of the Sunday fried chicken and other items, and I ate and talked till I was stuffed—the usual Todd dinner after-effect. Then I paid a visit to the engineroom to see Andy McCave and Ed Sasseen—Whitie and Howard were on the other watch. Sammy wasn't on; he'd got off at Cape Girardeau on the way up. And Joe Melvin quit; he just walked off one midnight and never came back. There was a new deckhand (they were short one), named Max Fridell, a nice Arkansas boy with some sense.

They were all so glad to have the Todds back. Apparently the relief cooks, the Nelsons of Hamburg, Illinois, didn't know much about cooking, and overcooked everything shamefully, even the breakfast eggs and bacon. The crowning joke, however, one which will stay with the *Cape* for some time, I'm sure, was when they were down at the shipyard. Captain Griffin and Captain Brazie went out in the yawl and the outboard and explored some nearby bayous, and came back with a hank of Spanish moss. Captain Griffin took it to Mrs. Nelson and told her it was Louisiana saurkraut, and told her to fix it for dinner. Mrs. N. looked at it, smelled it and commented, "I don't smell very good," put it in a pan of water and soused it up and down, every now and then taking a sniff and liking it less all the time. Of course, all the boys were in stitches by that time and had to let her know it was a joke. I wish they'd let her alone—I'd love to have known how she would have cooked "Louisiana saurkraut"!

As we went up past Alton, etc. the pool was simply alive with thousands of ducks, mainly canvasbacks; I've never seen so many, ever. We saw quantities of eagles, too, common as crows. And more boats on this trip than on any other.

We went fast. Twelve miles an hour, shoving 4000 tons of gasoline in the usual two barges. Night closed down thick and got thicker by morning; morning was foggy, dense enough to gather up in a bucket, but the *Cape* seemed Hell Bent For Havana, and plowed straight up the middle of the Illinois River, navigating mainly by radar as the air got so thick you couldn't see more than a couple of yards in front of the first barge. We were rushing along through all that soup at twelve miles an hour, the Captain with his face stuck down in the radar hood and his hand on the steering lever, running blind, and somehow not hitting anything. More prudent tows were tied up on shore—we passed eight in five miles, big

things like the *F. D. Roosevelt*, the *Valvoline*, the *Stanolind A.* and the *Tom Sawyer*. We heard a comment, via short-wave, as we went past in a flurry of suds before and aft:

"Man, did you see that crazy *Cape Zephan* goin' by? Like a mad dog with a bone in his teeth, foamin' at both ends!"

That was us. It was the most hair-raising ride I've ever had, bar none. We got to Havana Monday and left the two barges to be pumped out and then went on up to near Peoria to get an empty. It was on this little jaunt, with the fog thinning out somewhat, that they let me steer the *Cape Zephyr* for two miles or so, around curves and everything! A dream come true. Didn't run aground, hit the shore, run over a buoy, or anything.

The barges were not finished being pumped out till Tuesday morning. The sky cleared, and we headed south into a beautiful bright crisp day with lots of ducks on the river, wild geese flying north, redwings in the willows, and a feeling of excitement in the air. The excitement was heightened at five when the short-wave sent us news of the *Cape*'s next orders. Up till then no one knew where they were going next. Captain Griffin was due to go home the 5th, and Whitie wanted to get off, if they could only round up Bill Johnson, who was hiding out.

Bill Milam wanted to get off at Cape Girardeau because his wife was having her baby in a week. And now word came that they were to proceed to Lake Charles, no less, get a cargo and haul it in to LeMont. Little was done by Captain Houchin to work out a relief plan, so some of them were stuck. When I left, Whitie was still trying to track down Bill Johnson, and was pretty bitter about it, since he had been on the boat for a long time and was in on the engineroom tear-down at the shipyard.

I surely wanted to stay on. Spring was in the air, and the thought of Louisiana was lovely. But Mr. Huffman hadn't said that was my trip; I knew you'd never forgive me if I stayed on; and anyway I hadn't left my family arranged for for that length of time. And my autographing party at Coe's Book Store was the 7th. I just had to get off. I *never* want to.

We got to St. Louis and the terminal at 11 p.m. and went ashore around midnight—up the big ladder. Captain Griffin went with me, and I phoned Elizabeth, and he borrowed Whitie's car and drove me to her house, and she invited him up for something to eat. He loved it, especially the quiet—none of that rumbling. He hated to leave, especially after he got a glimpse of her books. But the boat was going to leave about 1 a.m. or so, and he had to scoot. Elizabeth and I talked till 1:30, and she amazingly stayed awake! There wasn't time to call you in the morning when we left; I had to get the 9 a.m. train home. And that was that.

I have no idea if or when we'll get the Lake Charles trip. When I called Mr. H. I was so involved in the Hanava trip, and where I should get on and how I would be notified, I didn't even think of later trips. I wrote to him and to Mr. Baker, but haven't heard from either. So we wait . . . if you hear anything, let me know.

I'm going to Bloomington for an autographing Friday, the 18th, and to Decatur April 23, and am leaving the space between for the river. Meanwhile, *The Buffalo Trace* seems to be going fairly well, for this time of year. We have the original illustrations here on display—beautiful things. I wish you could see them before they go back to New York. I'm glad you like the looks of the book; I like it, too. Hope we can get Mr. Lee to illustrate the next; I've had some nice letters from him.[8]

Herman and Larry are as usual, busy all the time. Our boy, Don,[9] was back on leave from the navy (left yesterday) and Sunday we took him on a last trip—Elsah. It was beautiful there and enough boats coming and going to be interesting. We wished you could have met us there and had lunch; chilly, but pretty nice, anyway, with a hint of spring.

Let me hear from you — especially after you've finished the book! I'd like to work out something, picnic, party, or whatever, so I can get to visit with all of you soon.

Love from
Virginia

Maybe St. Louis would like a look at the original illustrations?

October 7, 1957

Dear Mertha,

Well, we made it—with all our cheese, apples, gull feathers, fossils, terrarium plants, balsam twigs, colored leaves, school books and other items which crammed our car. It seemed that we must have condensed the whole autumn into one week, one of the most memorable and astonishing weeks I have ever known. The Clearing and its friends were glorious as always, and it was difficult to tear ourselves away. There is something about that place which reaches out and holds on to one; even Orvetta felt it—Larry, too—but despairs of ever trying to explain it at home or at the Museum. That is the futile thing we meet—trying to really explain The Clearing, not to mention the transcendent colors of autumn, the ultra-violent light, the clarity of water and sky! I wish we could have been permitted to reimburse you for the food we ate, because in spite of what you said I am sure you must have spent a good deal to feed nine people. Maybe we can make it up some way, some day.

Our trip northwest was glad. When we slanted into the Menominee Indian Reservation we really got into color, even though we had felt it to be superb in Door County. But even this did not prepare us for the unbelievable glory which we found up in the wild back country of Nicolet National Forest. Such pure pigments—cadmium, scarlet, orange, gold, accented by the chalk-white of birch and aspen trunks, the dark green of the conifers, the blue sky and bluer lakes! How I wished that you might have run away with us. We packed our time full . . . a long hike through my favorite woods, via the deer trail, and saw three deer watching us, then high-tailing it gaily off among the hemlocks up the hill . . . a visit to a

cranberry marsh to watch the harvest . . . walks along creek and lake, trips into the forests . . . suppers under the twelve white pines on the hill above Meadow Ruh where the creek boiled up white mist at dusk . . . evenings watching the fat raccoons and skunks coming to the feeding place at the Fells', and seeing the shy but determined fox slipping in to carry off meat to her kits . . . and the frosty nights and mornings, the brilliant sunshine . . . until Sunday morning when we left in a misty, moist, cool, cloudy, leaf-fragrant morning with leaves falling fast in no wind. We saw the gray Canada jays slipping along through the woods ahead of us; heard the grim cawking of ravens flying over; heard a coyote yipping with a marvelous wildness . . . and would have liked to have stayed longer. How I wish that both The Clearing and our cabin were half their distance away from Springfield.

A letter from Rutherford Platt tells me that he has decided to commit himself to coming back to The Clearing in June. I'm glad. And especially glad that he will be the 'head guy' and not I. I'm afraid I'm not a good leader. Strong-minded people like Harriet Platt can lead and direct me in changing hike plans, etc. with so great an ease that I realize now that leading a group is just not my forte. But at assisting I think I shine!

Mertha, you were truly wonderful to take us in, feed and house us, and let us have our days at The Clearing even though for a while it appeared that it was not for us. It was with some difficulty that Larry tackled school today!

Love from
Virginia

March 3, 1958

Dear Hazel and Gilbert,

How wonderful to have had those snowy days in the North Woods—Larry and I were really envious, and Larry couldn't see why we couldn't just take off and go, too. It was fun having the picture of you two—but you didn't sleep in the little cabin, did you? Sounds frigid! But did you ever see anything like that northern snow, and the woods in winter, and the lakes and all! There's nothing quite like it.

I wish we could have come to St. Louis for the river talk, but I just couldn't make it. The combination of an extra load of writing, plus the tail-end of something that must have been a touch of the flu, plus the uncertainty of weather: so we stayed home. But I thought about you on February 22, too. Know where? Elsah, but that isn't all.

You remember, Washington's birthday was that uncommonly lovely Saturday after all the below-zero cold. When I got up, I knew I was going to have to get out and away on a day like that, so I hurried up with the weekend grocery-shopping, came home and packed up a lunch, gathered up my family and a friend of Larry's, and we were off to see the ice at Elsah. We had been reading about the big ice gorge down near Cairo and I

pined to see it, but we got too late a start for a trip that long. But Elsah was lovely. It was one of the few times there when the temperature was perfect; it's usually too hot or too cold. There was no wind, and the temperature was up in the sixties. The boys made a fire and cooked lunch, and then headed for the cliffs like a couple of rabbits, to risk life and limb on the ledges. Meanwhile, Herman and I roamed along by the river.

The ice was covering the whole river, all but a narrow channel which evidently had been cut through by a boat not more than an hour before. We watched the *Cindy Jo* come upstream, pushing one barge and pulling (actually pulling) three big loaded oil barges, something we've never seen before. It shoved up through the moving ice and was on its way up toward Grafton, and after it the ice floes moved rapidly in the cut-open channel. An hour later the ice had stopped moving and was solidifying again, though the temperature was not low at all. We walked down on the shore ice and down there we could hear the low rumbling and talking of the river ice, a strange, eerie sort of subterranean sound, with now and then a splitting sound, as if the ice was cracking all the way across. We could hear the shoving sound of the broken ice running, and then the whistling of wings as flocks of goldeneyes whished overhead to an open pool near the Missouri shore. All day, we saw red-tailed hawks evidently migrating. They were coming up-river, following the cliffs, circling, floating, the reflecting light from the white limestone and the dazzle of the October-blue sky making the big birds almost translucent. I had no idea hawks migrated so early, did you? Seemed to me I always remembered flights like that in April over Elsah. It was one of those unforgettable combinations for Elsah and the Mississippi.

With some difficulty we rounded up the boys and drove by the back road down to Alton, where there were large numbers of canvasbacks, goldeneyes, redheads and scaups in open places of the backwater up by Clifton Terrace. We paused there for a while to watch, then, at sight of what looked like boats, we moved on down nearer Alton. The ice was big across there, very choppy because of traffic, and there were more boats than we have seen in some time—the big *Codrington* with a long tow, stuck crosswise in the ice and shoving around with some difficulty; the *Davy Crockett* about to take off, the *Midcontinent Queen,* the *Fort Dearborn,* the *Gulf Coast* . . . and the *Cape Zephyr!*

I hadn't laid eyes on the *Cape* since I got off in the rain at Havana two years ago in April, and never have seen that boat on the river at any time I wasn't on it! It was a delightful surprise. She was tied up, waiting for barges to be brought through the locks, because the water was only seven feet in the locks, the *Cape* is nine feet, and it was simpler to have a smaller boat lock the barges through. She had just come down from the Illinois River, having taken eight days for a trip which should take half the time, and was stuck in the ice several times—the kind of trip I pined to have several years ago but got on too late for the ice.

Bill Milam was on the foredeck and spotted the boys and me, and waved. He laid the usual ladder from the deck to the bank, and laid the usual plank on the ladder, and invited us to come aboard. Herman was also persuaded to follow, the first time he had been on the *Cape*. The boys were shown everything from engineroom to pilot house and had a lovely, excited time. Captain Brazie was on, with a half-inch growth of scraggly beard he claimed he grew for warmth up in the ice, but Captain Griffin was gone—he was fired, they told me, early in the year after he ran into the Memphis bridge (though that wasn't the only reason) and is now on the *Baby Lere* hauling coal in the Ohio River. In his place was a tall young captain named (I think) Axel Swalstrum. You know how river men mumble their words; I'm not sure *what* the man's real name is, but it's something like that! Very pleasant, educated, college and all. Down in the engine-room was young Bill Johnson (not the tablecloth-crocheter) and Howard Terlin; a new deckhand was on with Bill Milam, and the Todds were off at the time, their son being seriously ill with cancer. Two lady cooks were in the galley, very pleasant. Some of our other friends were asleep.

Well, we stayed on far too long, had coffee, and talked, and watched the ice go by, and I wished I could stay on and go up the Illinois River with them, and then go down to the Waterway to see the snow geese and blue geese in the marshes before they go north. But with various commitments I have in March, I can't get away for the uncertainty of a boat trip, much as I long to have one. (Don't you???)

Writing is really heaping high, which is what I want, really. After dallying and giving no concrete reply on the outline for the Mississippi wildlife book which I sent to my editor some time ago (and which just wasn't for young people), I had a sudden, bang-bang result. Mr. Dodd, the president, has resigned and in his place is Raymond Bond, former wildlife editor (still is, I guess). Anyway, he got hold of my outline and wants to publish *Mississippi Year*[10] next spring, and must have it by September 1st, and I can make the illustrations. He sent the contract and an advance royalty, even before the book is finished, which is flattering if disconcerting.

I had been working on the fifth Lincoln book, *New Birth of Freedom* when all this happened, so, since none of my Lincoln books have managed to hit Lincoln's birthday, I thought I wouldn't even try with this one, and, since the wildlife book is due out in spring, the other could be timed for fall, 1959. But now Mr. B. reminds me that since 1959 is the 150th anniversary of Lincoln's birth, they want to bring out this book late in January, which means the manuscript must be in by May 1st . . . which is appallingly close.

However, both books are quite far along. The Lincoln book, today, was finished, by which I mean it is all written, but is too long and needs quantities of paring and polishing and about 12,000 words cut. I have never worked so hard on a book, nor found the writing as absorbing as this, nor as tough to dig out and put on paper. It means digesting the whole civil war and what led up to it, plus the Lincoln family's private life, plus the

Washington scene, and condensing it in readable style in about 70,000 words. It is quite unlike the others and I don't think it will exactly fit with them, yet there isn't much else you can do with the presidential war years, is there?

With a Task Before Me comes out in April, they tell me. I would like to get up to Lake Itasca when the spring is just beginning up there, for an opening chapter in the wildlife book, but can't quite figure when to go. Easter holidays are the ideal time, but a bit too early. Of course, I'd like to drive to New Orleans and go out Route 23 on the Delta to about ten miles from the mouth . . . I think you're both going to like that wildlife book — I hope.

It's too bad all of you have been unwell, but it's been a rough winter and a rougher February. Maybe we'll have a perfect spring to make up for it. Did Elizabeth wear herself down too much with all her honors? I would so much have liked to come down for the luncheon, as well as the tea at the Audio-Visual, but just could not.

Let's try to go to Elsah some time soon, shall we? Of course, it is hard to plan very far ahead. The balmy days so suddenly appear and then disappear. The next two Saturdays are out of the question, I suppose, though both our dates are for evening, and we could make it a noon picnic and get back in plenty of time. Maybe we can. Robertsons[11] have been wanting us to come down for a picnic since last summer, but we never could make it when they were there.

Well, after this lengthy report, I must stop and back away on some revision on the fall of Fort Sumter. I have owed you for several letters and just had to take time out for a long talk. Thanks again for writing and for the picture of you two in the show, and do let's get together soon.

Love from
Virginia

Give my love to your mother.

May 7, 1959

Dear Mertha,

How I have wished we could have a capacity class when I come in May! I wanted to prove to the Farm Bureau, I suppose, that we need more nature groups at The Clearing, and I still think we do, but we need them when people can come. And May isn't a good time, or even a possible time, for a lot of people, teachers for instance. I know at least twelve people who have either signed up for July (two in September) or are about to do so, all of whom would love to come in May but can't get away then. The July class ought to be a sell-out because I am sure there will be a good many more than just those I know about who have decided to come, from *The Living Museum's* article. Ah me! And spring is so beautiful. I can only hope we get the bare minimum to hold the class at all. And I don't know who to drag along at this late date! Orvetta Robinson[12] from the Museum is going

to come either in July or September, whichever time her room-mate can come with her. Schultzes[13] are coming, but not in May. My St. Louis friends are coming, but in July and September. As I said before, *ah me!*

I have my program pretty well worked out and will enclose it here so that if you have suggestions for changes along the way we can tackle them later, or even before I come. It is very flexible, and the day we do a particular thing isn't really important. I thought it would be better to have a talk, and either films or slides, in the evening *before* we go to a particular place, serving instead of the briefing in the school in the morning, which always delays us when we go to some far spot like The Ridges or Miss Emma's.[14]

Sunday

Evening: I will give a talk on the orderly pattern of springtime and its relationship to the rest of the year and to the landscape. I have just seen some 1,300 miles of spring, from the Gulf of Mexico to northern Wisconsin, and will bring in some of this as comparison with what we have at the moment in Door County.

Films: Spring Comes to the Subarctic
Life in the Forest

perhaps play the wonderful recording of birds and frogs of a spring pond — "Sapsucker Woods." Have you heard it?

(Is the record-player repaired and workable?)

Monday

Meet at the school after breakfast. I will talk briefly on what we will look for, then take a hike in The Clearing woods.

Afternoon: perhaps the bluff trail and down on the beach.

Evening: tell the story of the Ridges' ecological background. Show wildflower slides. I will bring a slide projector.

Tuesday

Go to the Ridges. Would it be possible to take a simple lunch along and stay all day?

If not, we might go back after dinner.

Evening: Films—Birds of the Marshes, Marsh Waters, White Splendor (egrets), talk on marshes as special areas for plants and animals, birds of marshes, secrets of the marsh. Repeat record: "Sapsucker Woods."

Wednesday

Go to a marsh, either North Bay or to that nice one in Peninsula State Park.

Afternoon: to Miss Emma's (her marsh and the lake shore).

Evening: Films: Birds of the Dooryard, Duck Hunter's Dilemma, Prairie Chicken, and tell the story of Newport, old farm, fern swamp.

Thursday

Morning: Go to Newport, fern swamp, etc.

Afternoon: Hike on Clearing road.

Evening: Bird slides and perhaps also use films: Butterfly Botanists, Bobolink and Blue Jay.

Friday

Morning: Hike long road (exit) in Clearing and whatever plans you may have for us:

Evening: Program by students.

and that's that.

The films are more-or-less makeshift. I tried too late to reserve them for this period. They are usually reserved in the fall, so that I was really lucky to get what I did. I had no trouble getting some good ones for July and September. The slides are quite nice, though.

Now all we need are students and I hope we make it! Did you have the hot weather we did, and how has spring progressed? Any sign of trilliums? Our great whites are beautiful under fountains of ostrich ferns, but the ninety-degree heat really hastened everything. There have been tremendous flights of migrant birds all night long going over—I have lain out in a deck chair listening until one o'clock in the morning, trying to identify some of the sounds, but only the thrushes, sandpipers and cuckoos seem reasonably like themselves; and I think the warblers are skipping over us, largely.

I will enclose the Chicago Tribune's review of *River World* to whet your appetite for the "out-door lunch" I shall bring to you.

With love,
Virginia

September 28, 1960

Dear Mertha,

Somehow time and space and obligations simply lose their perspective when I am on the river. I am an escapist from way back and could gladly just stay on the boat and migrate up and down the rivers until they freeze up! But now I am home, whether I want to be or not, and have been tackling a great mountain of "must" mail and friendly mail; yours comes in both categories, but it must have gotten disarranged at the bottom of the pile because I've just come to it and it seems to me I've been writing letters for three days, interspersed with laundry, cooking, and mooning about the river. I have a hard time getting myself focussed on what is at hand, and keep seeing the river landscape. The result of this revery is the piece I wrote between laundry and letters, and is included here.

I feel perfectly marvelous and doubt if I have ever had more real fun anywhere than I had on this trip. By the beginning of the second week it

Virginia S. Eifert at The Ridges in Door County, Wisconsin, 1964

seemed that I was suddenly filled with a sense of well-being and new aliveness. I caught myself running up the stairs, once, and laughed to myself because I had been dragging around like a stuck balloon for so long, there was no temptation to run anywhere, much less upstairs. I think I am really getting well at last, and though I still get tired finally, there is still that lovely, bubbly feeling of living again. It took the river to do it. If I continue like this I certainly won't invest in that silly oxygen tank,[15] and shouldn't even have mentioned it to you, it sounds so terrible. It is really a very comfortable thing, I found, but really don't need it now, and likely never will. The main reason I felt I ought not to come to The Clearing next year is simply this: Herman is never too happy about it when I go. He can't see what I find in it which is so satisfying. But after my brief period of being sacrificial, in which I decided I *would* stay home next year—no Clearing, no boat trips—I find myself weakening, and know I *must* come to The Clearing, and *must* go back on the river.

Let's leave it still a bit tentative, though, if you don't mind, and give me just one class this time, preferably in May, probably the 20th to 26th, because I will take a *Delta Queen* trip up the Tennessee to Chattanooga April 21 for two weeks, and will take Larry to Reelfoot Lake, leaving June 2. On second thought, that really crowds things, doesn't it? Maybe it would be better to put it a week earlier, the 13th, and hope that the spring isn't a late one. What do you think? I do hate to run things too close; I need to be home to gather myself together and catch up on things in between trips. As for September, there is a great possibility that I will be on the boat again on the St. Paul trip, since we are changing the itinerary somewhat and I will want very much to be along to see how it works out. You notice that possesive "we." It isn't every day I have a chance to get my hands on a real live steamboat and mold its course, and I do have right now, and it's wonderful. I just may have to take a sabatical from The Clearing and take care of my boat! Give me your ideas, anyway, and we'll see what we can work out, though I'm sure The Clearing will survive very well without my tender care—it did all right before I came, didn't it?

This was a remarkable trip mainly because Jay Quinby, one of the new owners, was aboard for the entire trip—or at least as far as St. Louis on the return, where we both had to tear ourselves away and not look back. Jay is sixty-six, but has the energy, enthusiasm and delight of a much younger person, and it is this aliveness which sparked people all over the boat. They all had a better time because he was along. The calliope recently installed is his baby. He located the pipes which had been sunk in the Kanawha River in 1937, fitted them up along the top of the stern sundeck roof, and created a new little keyboard enclosed in red steel, below with twin golden angels he designed himself. The old-time calliopist played in a bath of steam, but Jay sits at ease, his keyboard far below the steam. Then to make it finer, he placed colored lights at the base of each pipe so that, at night, the steam blows in an aurora of pastel colors. This is a magnificient thing to see, and the music itself is superb, not at all the

brassy, raucous racket some calliopes made. This is *music*, played by a man who is an accomplished organist and musician, as well as calliopist. His music traveled down the Ohio and up the Mississippi, playing at shore stops and going through locks, and something I shall never forget is the effect that pied-piper music had on the people. I watched it for twelve hundred miles and back—people gathered on locks and levees to watch the steamboat come in. Then as the music began their faces blossomed into the most beautiful smiles, and, at night, when the colored steam plumed itself against the stars, and the great sternwheel revolved with foam and fuss, and the boat moved slowly and inexorably away from the landing, the music casting echoes against the cliffs, the faces held awe and longing and a certain exalted look. I shall never forget it, and I watched it all along the way.

At Guttenberg, Iowa, the locks lie alongside the school grounds—of all the awful places to put school and locks! As we moved into the locks, some of the classroom windows showed a double row of heads, but when the calliope broke into "School Days, School Days," that school erupted suddenly with a torrent of kids and teachers streaming down to the lock fence to stand and listen and watch transfixed. I wish you could have seen it. And to Jay Quinby, this is a whole new and lovely life, and he brings to it a dedication which is fine to see. Although he has had a successful navy career and one as an electronics engineer, this role of steamboat owner and calliope player is his favorite career, and his whole thought now is of the welfare of the boat and how it can best serve the people.

He has done wonders for my book. It is sold in the boat's gift shop—400 had been sold before this trip, and they stocked 400 more. It was a heady experience to walk down a line of deck chairs and see every person reading a copy of *Delta Queen*. I had a captive market and audience, and oh boy, what fun it was! They, in turn, seemed pleased to have a real live author aboard, so I suppose it was mutually fun. At shore stops, we entertained the press, TV and radio people, and always it was to publicize boat, calliope and book—wonderful, expensive publicity which cost us nothing. I hope Dodd, Mead appreciates what Jay has done for them. He feels that the book is the best piece of publicity the company ever had, and is grateful to the point of letting me ride anytime I wish, which is a dangerous privilege, because I already feel as if it is partly my boat. I seem to be a self-invited, unsilent partner whose word sometimes has weight—at least in changing the up-river itinerary, etc. Just give me half a grip on a life preserver, and I take over the whole boat!

But they are all so lovely about it and seem to feel I belong there. I rode often in the pilothouse, the sacrosanct holy-of-holies where only the elect may ride, and one day Captain Craig asked if I wouldn't like to take over the controls so I could say I had navigated my boat! This was a terrifying suggestion—after all, the *Delta Queen!* But I had a pilot close at each hand, so I'm sure the boat was not in too much danger, though I spent a palpitant ten minutes trying to keep her on a mark up ahead, and finding

the rudders didn't respond as easily as those of the *Cape Zephyr*. In the latter, I had the long tow out ahead, but with the *Delta Queen* everything was behind. I don't see how those boys navigate that big craft so steadily, day and night—though Captain Kelly did miss a channel marker one day and banged and rasped against the bottom. I also played the calliope, going past Chester, and own a fancy certificate saying I am now a licensed calliope player! Herman earned one when he came on at St. Louis Saturday—and played far better than I—but since there are only three boats still carrying a steam piano, I doubt if either of us will change our occupations for that of calliopist. But what fun to do it anyway! The appalling thing about a calliope is that if you lightly touch a key, the blast is heard in the next county. No quiet practice with that instrument! But oh, when it is played beautifully, I melt at the sound.

To keep in the spirit of the past, Jay Quinby appeared in a sleek gray suit, ancient high gray topper, ebony cane with silver head, and gloves. Since he is six feet three inches, this made him about seven feet high, and very elegant indeed. It became our custom, when the boat made a landing, to be the first off. I really felt the lack of a proper Scarlet O'Hara costume to match my escort's courtly elegance. Draped on his arm, I paraded off the landing stage, and we walked into town, around the main street, were looked at with amazement, no doubt, and then back to the boat to greet visitors. I always felt that we ought to beat a drum and come back and sell snake-oil to the customers. But it was such real fun. At Dubuque the large, amiable purser, Bob McCann, went ashore with us, a startling contrast indeed. We found the incline railway going up Fenelon Hill, climbed in—Jay and the Hat drove me, Bob and his billowing plumpness below, a nice pillow if the car dropped to the bottom. Sit down, pull the cord, be hauled up the extremely steep incline to the top, get out, pay five cents each, look at the view of the river far below, get in, pay another five cents, and be taken down—and the down trip was worse than the up, if you had to look down. What a picture we would have made, we three silly things, all much, much old enough to know better, and having a marvelous time here where none knew us.

Somehow the trip went too fast; it always does. The up-river trip was slow against the current, and we were delayed many hours in beautiful fog, and had wonderful landscapes along the way, a tremendous mirroring of light on the marshes; a storm crossing Lake Pepin; nights of stars reflected in the black river; sunsets, lovely mornings, rains, everything. But the trip down was the current and there were no delays. It seemed we were being precipitated too fast to St. Louis, and then on Saturday, there we were. Herman and Larry met us there and had luncheon on the boat. We were invited to dinner with friends that evening, so we stayed part of the afternoon, but neither Jay Quinby not I wanted to stick around until the boat pulled out without us. That would be too hard to take. So, we parted company and Herman, Larry and I went to the botanical garden to see the

topical waterlillies, then at last out to Princells, and were home at midnight, tired out.

Work awaited; it always does. But I still see the river. And here is the poem (or whatever you want to call it) which resulted from the yearning.[16] And now I must finish this off—you've had a session, haven't you!

With my love,
Virginia

Isabel McDonald came down to meet the boat at LaCrosse. Lorli and Jim Nelson rode from Fort Madison to St. Louis. Ebba Lind rode from St. Louis to St. Paul, Natalie Nelson took the whole trip. My propaganda is paying off![17]

January 18, 1961

Dear Mertha,

I think of you so often, and half a dozen times have rather wished I could suddenly take off in the car and drive up to see you. The weather has been so mild and beautiful—we are frequently noted for our spring-like Januarys—that driving would be no problem. There is always the overnight snowstorm . . . but, anyway, I stay home. I have wanted to ask you when Farm Bureau meetings take place. If I could have several dates when you might like best for me to come and "meet the family," then when good weather and physical well-being decree "let's go somewhere," I would know when would be best. If I put it off until March, we may have something like last year when March surely had six weeks in it, all very deep in unprecedented Springfield snow. I have several speaking commitments next month—February 11-12 at the University of Illinois. Feb. 16 for a book club here—they want to see my Wisconsin slides—a Lincoln talk on the 21st, and the Lion's Club on March 7th. Except for a date at Principia College which as yet hasn't been decided, that is all I want to get involved in. After all, I do have a book to finish and I'm not going to do it if I dash around talking.[18] I do look forward to showing you those slides. Herman, who is a perfectionist, calls them superb, and the few who have seem them are breathless. There is something about these large full-screen pictures of intimate views of the North—bog plants, deep woods Indian pipe, mushrooms, animals, pines, water plants which seem to "do" something to their viewers. I didn't know I had what I have, I suppose, until Herman got me the new projector and screen. The Clearing people are going to love them. And, knowing you, you will, too.

The October 8-15 date for me is quite all right. I leave it to you to choose the time when the color may possibly be at its best. Of course this can't always be judged, but you've been up there long enough to be fairly sure of it. I only hope we can get enough people at that time. Still, R. Platt and I did several years ago; maybe VSE can do it alone!

Have you had a chance to read *Snowshoe Hare?* Like it? Recognize some things in it? Especially Mrs. Partridge? I haven't heard from Paul Schulze,[19] but I'm sure he will appreciate that chapter especially.

The book I'm working on now—far, far beyond the dreaming state—is all on paper and being reworked and retyped so that next week Herman can begin to read. This is the biography of Louis Jolliet, my favorite explorer and northwoods-man. It gives me a chance to get back to the rivers—the Wisconsin, the Mississippi, the Illinois, the St. Lawrence, and to the Great Lakes, Canada and the northwoods. Strangely enough, no one has ever written a readable biography of this man. A French account published 1902; a dissertation by Father Jean Delanglez, Institute of Jesuit Relations and History—and no more. Nothing for someone to sit down and read with excitement and pleasure, as I surely hope they will with mine. At least, I feel excited and pleased with it, and I think you will, too. Not a nature book, but nature always gets into anything I write, and this is made to order, of course.

By the way, did you read "To See the Year" in the January *Living Museum* lately?[20] We have had more letters about that one article than any other in the L.M., I do believe. It is a theme I'd like to follow up at The Clearing. Of course we really do anyway, "seeing" being my special philosophy.

Time to get dinner started Larry is practicing his flute and Herman has gone to get groceries for my mother. They're going to be hungry soon. Wish you could come and have dinner with us!

Love from
Virginia

[In the margin, referring to the Farm Bureau meetings:] I'd like to hear from you soon—about meeting dates—just in case.

June 24, 1962

Dear Hazel and Gilbert,

When I came back from the Northern springtime I intended to write you immediately, but everything else got in the way, including the galley proofs of the new book, *Men, Birds, and Adventure.* Now you are almost ready to go to Majorca, I suppose, and perhaps a letter is not exactly the thing you'd most want to bother with now, especially those longish things that come off this typewriter. But, like it or not, here it is.

First of all, I hope you both are feeling wonderful and eager to get on your way to new and lovely lands—islands, I should say. It sounds like a pretty special adventure. That is all the more reason to relate my own far more minor adventures in woods and bogs, before you have tales to top mine a mile! And before I forget it, when you go to the little cabin, take a look around indoors and see if you can find a small note I left. I was over there one morning just before I departed—such a splendid Wisconsin

morning after a white frost had glittered on everything earlier that day—and felt the urge to leave a note for you. I tucked it in the door crack, and the chance that it will survive the summer until you come is of course very slight. But I thought it might be fun for you to find. Not that there is anything very vital, inscribed therein—just a comment on the day, the season, the bog. (The cabin ought to have a mailbox.)

But before I get to that point I must go back and make it chronological. Less confusing that way. As you know, summer came in May and it was broiling hot and more than ninety degrees when I took off on May 17th for Door County. It was difficult to get in the notion of packing such nonsensical essentials as warm jackets, a sweater, even mittens, but I managed it. I have never had a hotter day to drive north; I might as well have been going across Kansas in July. Spent the night in a cabin on the shores of Green Lake, where it was somewhat cooler, but nothing like what I have grown accustomed to expect of Wisconsin. Next morning I started early—it was cool and sparkling, in the approved Wisconsin way—and because there was no hurry at all I did some minor exploring before going to The Clearing. Thinking I might by chance find bog laurel in that first landmark bog near Poy Sippi, I decided to go that far and no farther. But the idea of turning away from a northward direction, when I knew that Three Lakes lay that way, was painful and took strong will. But although I found no laurel, I did find skunk cabbage leaves in a most elegant bright green, spiral-curved stage, and, cutting across country on back roads, came to the edge of a fern swamp which had tall cinnamon, interrupted and royal ferns just uncurling—exactly what I wanted for some pictures. The cinnamon fern spore stalks were incredible, tall orange and white things. A wet and weedy moat lay between me and the ferns. I wasn't dressed for bog-trotting, but a picture is a picture and at the time I didn't know I would find more and better uncurling ferns near Meadow Ruh (that part was all unplanned then). So the only thing to do was to shuck the shoes and stockings and wade across. And get the picture. Simple. I took roads that led me around the top of Lake Winnebago, then up at last to the peninsula. It was still hot. But as I rounded the crest of the hill outside Sturgeon Bay, and saw miles of cherry orchards in full bloom ahead of me, a cool, clear, clean wind blew suddenly through the car. It was spring again, the north was cool and wonderful, and everything was going to be all right. I have never seen the peninsula look more spectacularly beautiful. Orchards, beaches, bays, woods, flowers—the flowers!

The trilliums were surely never more abundant in The Clearing woods, nor the yellow lady's slippers, of which there are now hundreds. In one sunny patch of woods we counted 274 of them, of great size, color, and rather unbelievable abundance. Seeing them, you simply stand and try to get your breath and say something sensible, only it just comes out in a series of silly gurgles and platitudes. Just what *do* you say to nearly 300 golden orchids? There were many other things, too—dwarf ginseng,

yellow and long-spurred violets, bellwort, the last of the hepaticas, corydalis, gaywings, Trientalis. Naturally, I used up a great deal of film. . . .

The group, as I usually declare, was the best of all. This is an example of a short-sighted mind and a poor memory, like saying of autumn—"this is the most beautiful autumn of all!" Still, you would have loved them as I did. There wasn't a "queer" in the bunch. They averaged somewhat younger than usually, with consequent enthusiasm and vigor. They leaped like trout to a fly when Teacher suggested something to look for, and went all-out to find it if possible, wading bogs and tramping forests with unending joy. They were botanical-minded this time. Perhaps because the leaves had come out earlier than usual, birds were very difficult to see, while the flowers were everywhere and in a state of magnificence which would have spurred even the uninterested to begin botanizing. They really wanted to learn, too. Simply absorbing, finding an appreciation and an understanding of the woods and waters, is good, and I never stress learning names of things until they themselves want to. It was rather astonishing to see how much they learned, too; I wonder if I could have done half as well, starting cold as some of them did. Then after a hike I often saw some of them out together, going over and over the things they wanted to remember. It was pleasant to see.

We did the usual things—Clearing woods, the rocks, stars in the meadow; the Ridges; Emma Toft's Maine-coast shore and virgin forest; the Newport beach where the Niagara escarpment slants off into the lake; and the ghost town and deserted farm back in the woods; the fern swamp; the Door of Death. By request we went back to the Ridges; it was exciting there, with the hundreds of little dwarf iris, the fairy primroses, star-flowers, goldthread, gaywings, paintbrush, bearberry, Canadian carpet areas, sundew, pitcher plant, ferns, buckbean (never saw so much of this; it was standing like white hyacinths in quiet swales.) Ram's head lady's slippers were in bloom, but the moccasins and showy lady's slippers were not. It is much later on the lake side of the county. In fact, one day the next week, we were there with a cold wind blowing in the fog, and the temperature was around 50 degrees. Well jacketed and bundled up, some of us went to the bay side, and in Sister Bay found the temperature 85 degrees and people in their shorts and shirt-sleeves. We looked rather silly and felt considerably over-dressed and overheated.

Saturday when the class broke up, I went with three of my people that afternoon over to Emma Toft's woods where we took over some of her cabins and stayed the next week so we could explore the Ridges. This sounded like an excellent idea and I still think it was, but I needed a couple of months for the job, not a few days. The area is now 900 acres, little of it with trials and a good deal of it underwater in spring. Still, we got into parts I had never seen before, and I came out with a list of 204 plants, which is a start, though far from complete, I know.

We met Murl Deusing[21] in there one day, clip-board in hand and busily listing plants, too. He is now president of the Ridges Association and is

trying to make it more accessible and interesting to the public. Some of this is good, but the Ridges will always be—or should always be—a special study area, not a public hiking ground. Anyway, he has now worked out a nature trail which must be taken with a guide booklet (in mimeographed form just now) which leads you from Station to Station, indicated by numbers. The booklet explains the story of the Ridges and why certain things grow where they do. It is very good, as far as it goes. When I can get some extra copies, I'll see that you have one. You might be interested. Murl came over to Miss Emma's several evenings and saw some of our slides.

One of the guests I indicated to my group of eager-hunters was to find the Calypso and Arethusa orchids. I was sure they must be in the Ridges, and still think so, but we didn't find them. But when we four were at Emma's we had a great thrill. She serves two meals a day, thus leaving you on your own for the evening meal. We didn't want to go in to a restaurant (heaven forbid) and decided to take turns on the cooking. Sunday was my day. It turned drizzly and cold, so instead of concocting my stew in the dutch oven down on the rocks of the beach, I commandeered Emma's wood-burning stove, as the next best thing. The others went off on a hike (we had some guests, too), while one stayed to make conversation with the cook and keep the fire stoked. The stew was all finished when they came back. They had stars in their eyes and a hint of hysteria in their voices. They had been walking the trail in the old arbor vitae forest when they had noticed where a pileated woodpecker had evidently had the temerity to try to chop down a large tree. The hacked-out places really looked as if someone had used an axe at the base of the arbor vitae. And there, just around the curve of the roots, they saw that small pink orchid looking at them. They were sure it was looking at them. Calypso has a strange, almost supernatural stance, a listening look—something—which sets it apart. There it was, pink with purple and gold lines and white fur, the flower poised on a slender stem curved over at the top, with one oval leaf at the base. Such perfect simplicity and complexity, both in one plant! They ranged around and found two more, but the light was almost gone and they knew supper was waiting and they couldn't take pictures till tomorrow anyway. Dorothy said she couldn't sleep much that night, worrying about the chance that a deer would eat the Calypsos. After supper they took me back by flashlight to show me this wonder. Next day they were all there, and we found several more. Light was still poor, but I have three slides which please me very much.

I finally decided that the Ridges were too extensive for me to cover much more, and besides I wanted to go to Meadow Ruh. So I left on Thursday, dropped in on Mrs. Fell unexpectedly, and was taken in like a long-awaited child. Next day I ranged our favorite woods and bogs, got pictures of the bog laurel, Labrador tea, cottony sedge, pink moccasins, fern croziers, and other confections. A thick, cloudy day, but the Rolleiflex behaved well. Then on Saturday to Baraboo to be shown the works—bogs,

marshes, and woods—for two days, as guests of Ronald and Lou Rich,[22] the people who came up to Shady Shore last summer to see sundews.

This was strenuous—a few more days at that pace would have laid me out!—but interesting because it was largely new country for me. Visited Aldo Leopold's "Sand County Almanac" shack, and found Hudsonia in bloom on a sand blow-out; went to Black Hawk Island in the Wisconsin River (private, but we were given permission and a boat), and found quantities of pink moccasins and saxifrage. To French Greek marshes, hunting white lady's slippers, but didn't find them; and to John Muir's Fountain Lake, still with no luck on the white slippers. Looking back, I don't see how we covered as much ground (and water) as we did.

The Riches, and Arthur and Adaire Meeks[23]—the latter are from Wausau and came to The Clearing, the kind that will go into a bog at the drop of a suggestion—think we ought to form a secret organization called Bog Trotters of America (or Bog Trotters Anonymous, since it becomes a sort of disease), because there are only certain people who love to have wet feet and who adore any terrain that looks sloppy and might have orchids or sundews in it. Both the Riches and the Meeks (who are friends) think they will have to come up to Shady Shore when we are there, to have a crack at some of the bogs I know about. Mrs. Fell wrote last week that Art and Adaire had been to her house asking the way to "the bog in *Land of the Showshoe Hare.*" They have a sailboat, but say that they haven't had time for it since I introduced them to the joys of bog-trotting! What a life—what an influence! What a mission in life—inducing people to get their feet wet!!

The *Three Lakes News* had two reviews of Eifert books last week, which sets some sort of record, I'm sure. Walt Goldsworthy reviewed *Wonders of the Rivers,* and one of the editors, Dan Satran (know him?) suddenly discovered the *Hare,* because someone in Milwaukee pointed out to him the fact that it was written about that area.

Herman has been year-booking since school was out, then had a breather when it was finished, so he could catch up on garden work, but now has the galleys to read. Larry is in summer school all morning, sails every afternoon, and studies in the evening. He finds the summer alarmingly full and very fast. He actually looks forward to coming to the cabin and "relaxing". David [24] and his family are moving back to Evanston, which is too bad, really; David is, besides, in summer school in Salisbury, Connecticut, so won't be coming with us. Larry says he is just as glad not to have another kid along this time—give him time to "enjoy himself, relax, fish when he wants to, and not feel he has to entertain someone!" New thought. Growing up, maybe.

Since returning from the North June 5, I've had the usual catching up on correspondence, which has been heavy; a Living Museum to write, laundry and cleaning, etc., and now have just finished the galley proofs on *Men, Birds and Adventure.* This brings you up to date on Eifert doings, and we

expect to have something to fill us in on yours before long. Perhaps when you get back from that wonderful trip.

Have a good time, see everything, enjoy everything, and tell us about it when you get back.

With love from
Virginia

Will start tomorrow on the final 2 Cruise Guides for The D. Queen.[25]

NOTES

The author wishes to thank Orvetta Robinson and Ernestine Snider of Springfield for invaluable help with the notes to the letters.

[1]Rutherford Platt was a noted American naturalist and the author *This Green World* (1942), *American Trees* (1952), and other books.

[2]Elizabeth Golterman and Elinor Hayward were friends from St. Louis. They were also nature enthusiasts.

[3]Eifert is recalling "God's World," in which the speaker looks at an autumn woods and says approximately what she quotes. The actual lines are:

> Here such a passion is
> As stretcheth me apart,—Lord, I do fear
> Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
> My soul is all but out of me, — let fall
> No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

[4]Emma and Sidney Fell owned Meadow Ruh, near Three Lakes, where the Eiferts often vacationed, starting in 1946. The Fells and the Eiferts became good friends.

[5]Eifert is referring to her latest article, "A Lake for the Lincoln Country," *Audubon Magazine,* 51 (July-Aug., 1949), 218-25.

[6]Carol and Buddy were apparently children of the Princells.

[7]She is describing a trip on the *Cape Zephyr.* Her experiences on board that towboat led to the writing of *River World.* Mr. Huffman, mentioned in the letter, was apparently an owner of the towboat.

[8]Manning de V. Lee illustrated several of Eifert's books, including *The Buffalo Trace* and the three other Lincoln books which followed it.

[9]Don was not a son but apparently a young man who stayed with the Eiferts for a time. His last name is unknown.

[10]"*Mississippi Year*" was finally entitled *River World.*

[11]Mr. and Mrs. Percival E. Robertson of Elsah. Mr. Robertson was a geology professor at Principia College and was on the Illinois State Museum Board of Directors.

[12]Orvetta M. Robinson, Eifert's long-time friend and the Illinois State Museum Librarian. Robinson frequently accompanied Eifert on visits to The Clearing, and since the latter's death she has been associated with Friends of The Clearing.

[13]Ramona and Ed Schultz were students in Eifert's classes at The Clearing. They lived in Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, and Eifert often stopped overnight with them while traveling to or from The Clearing.

[14]Emma Toft lived at Bailey's Harbor in Door County until her death in 1982, at age 91. A staunch conservationist, she was one of the founders of The Ridges Sanctuary at that location. Eifert knew her well, and everyone called her "Miss Emma."

[15]Eifert had a heart problem, and during the last several years of her life she tired easily and occasionally took oxygen.

[16]The poem, never published, was called "Return from the River":

You must give me time to come home from the river,
Time — just a little more time!
Time to forget, if I can,
Where my heart still lies.

[17]The people mentioned in the postscript were all students that she had at The Clearing.

[18]She was writing *Louis Jolliet: Explorer of Rivers* (1961) at that time.

[19]Paul Schulze is a Chicagoan who used to attend classes at The Clearing and was a great admirer of Virginia Eifert. He has been associated with the Illinois Audubon Society for many years.

[20]"To See the Year," *The Living Museum,* January, 1961, pp. 546-47; reprinted in *Essays on Nature* (Springfield: Illinois State Museum, 1967), pp. 209-10.

[21]Murl Deusing worked at the Milwaukee Public Museum and was later a National Audubon Screen Tour speaker. He was a talented nature photographer.

[22]Ronald and Lou Rich were among Eifert's students at The Clearing. They lived near Baraboo.

[23]Arthur and Adaire Meeks were also among Eifert's students at The Clearing.

[24]David Childs, a friend of Larry Eifert.

[25]Only two cruise guides were published: *Log of the S.S. Delta Queen, Cincinnati to Kentucky Lake and Kentucky Lake to Chattanooga* (Cincinnati: Greene Line Steamers, 1961) and *Log of the Steamboat Delta Queen, Cincinnati to New Orleans* (Cincinnati: Greene Line Steamers, 1964?).

THE CHARACTER OF NEW SMALL FARMS IN WESTERN ILLINOIS

Russell G. Swenson and Pamela Olson Miner

Good news about farming is rare today. Recent changes in the number of small farms in Illinois and across the United States, though, are very positive. Far from disappearing, small farms of ten to fifty acres have, since 1970, been resurgent.[1] The viability of small farms hinges on continued off-farm employment for owners, but the central fact remains that small farm units have become increasingly abundant in most areas.

The structure of farm unit sizes is traced by the U.S. Census of Agriculture (Fig. 1). The proportion of farmland in all but two size categories has shrunk this century. Those units of under fifty or over 500 acres are alone in maintaining or increasing their share of total land in farms. The future does appear bleak for farms of medium size. If trends on Figure 1 were to continue, all units from fifty to 500 acres would disappear by about the year 2000. That is unlikely to happen because, in fact, twenty-six percent of Illinois farmers in these size categories are "part-time" farmers who work off the farm for 200 or more days each year and can supplement their farm income.[2] Income from off-farm employment is significant for medium-scale operators, and even more important for small-scale farmers. Fully fifty-seven percent of those who operate from ten to forty-nine acres in Illinois are part-time farmers. Given a relatively small capital investment (in land at least,) these small-scale farmers are well insulated from market fluctuations, and can be expected to survive indefinitely even if their farm income is negative.

The character of new small farms has not been thoroughly explored. This study examines data on new small farms from two western Illinois counties. Farms classified as "new" are those units of from ten to fifty acres with a resident owner-operator that have appeared since 1970 as subdivisions or combinations of previously larger or smaller parcels. These small farms do not all produce agricultural commodities. Land ownership maps and county tax records were examined to locate new small farms in Fulton and McDonough Counties. Parcels smaller than ten acres are unlikely to be able to produce a significant amount of crops or livestock, except as a market gardening operation, a land use not common in western Illinois.

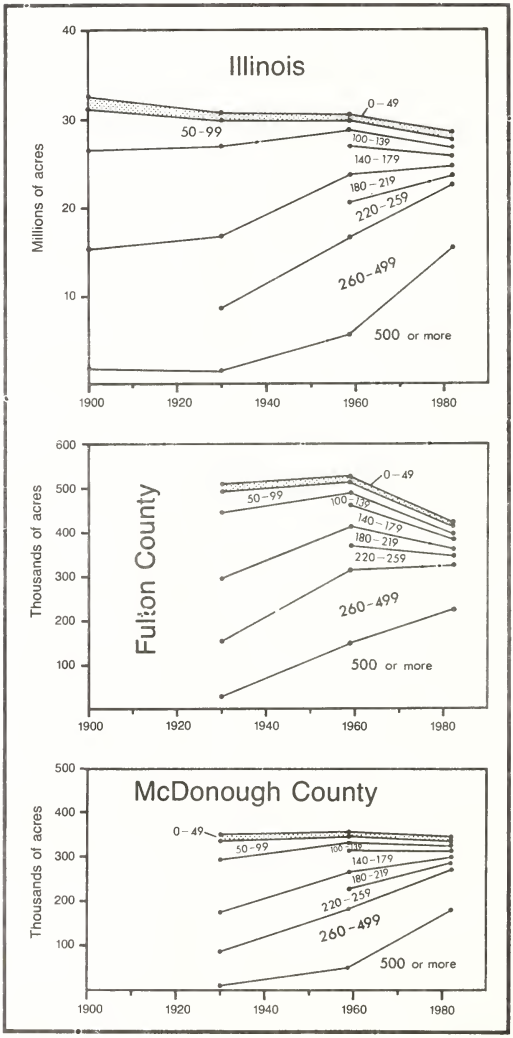


Fig. 1. The structure of farm unit sizes, based on the U.S. Census of Agriculture.

LOCATION OF NEW SMALL FARMS

New small farms in Fulton and McDonough Counties are shown in Figures 2 and 3. In Fulton County, these farms are evenly distributed throughout the area, whereas in McDonough County, there is some tendency for the small farms to be near Macomb. When the locations with respect to the slope of the land were examined, it was clear that new small farms are situated on the rougher land in both counties (Table 1).

Table 1

LOCATION OF NEW SMALL FARMS RELATIVE TO SLOPE

County	% of Farms on 8% or Greater Slope	% of County with 8% or Greater Slope	Roughness[1] Ratio
Fulton	30	7	4.3
McDonough	48	17	2.8

Source: Compiled by authors.

[1]Degree of likelihood that a new small farm will be located on rough land (1.0 would indicate that as many are found on rough land as would be expected by chance).

The roughness ratio for these two counties has some interesting implications. One suggestion from this finding is that the owners of new small farms may not have competed directly with expansion-minded, larger-scale farmers for the land. Rough land is less desirable for field crop agriculture as found in the Corn Belt, and in their search for land, the new small operators probably have not exerted much upward pressure on cropland prices. Another implication is that larger-scale farmers who are pressed for cash may find a ready market among new small farmers for parcels of land that are less productive because of rough terrain.

CHARACTERIZATION OF NEW SMALL FARMS

Fulton and McDonough Counties are alike in population size and level of agricultural employment.[3] Fulton County contains a considerable acreage that has been surface-mined for coal, but because Fulton County is larger in area than McDonough County, the two counties have a similar amount of quality cropland.[4]

Census of Agriculture data on the number of farms of ten to forty-nine acres are not precise. In the 1978 census, for example, more of these units were found than in the preceding or subsequent census year. That happened because the 1978 census used a "local area sample" to identify small farm units not found on the census mailing list. This procedure has not been used in any other census year, making 1978 data for small farms less comparable to other years. Still more perplexingly, the number of Fulton County and McDonough County small farms change erratically

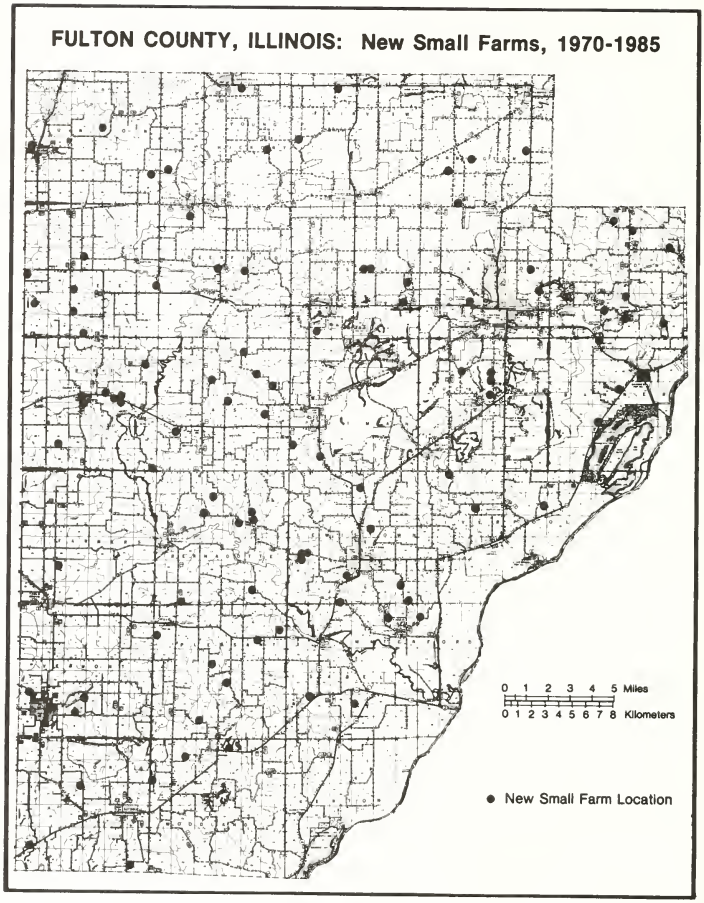


Fig. 2.

with respect to what would be expected from the 1978 local area sample anomaly (Table 2). Given the unpredictable census numbers, it is striking that new small farms as defined here constitute exactly the same proportion (thirty-two percent) of the 1982 count of ten-to-forty-nine acre farms in both counties. There is no doubt, in fact, that the actual number

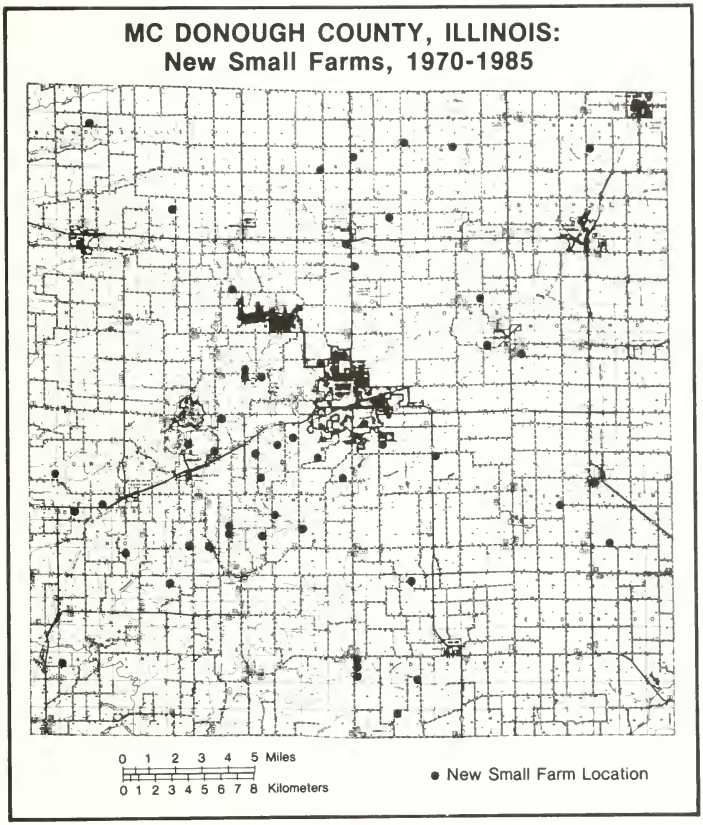


Fig. 3.

of new small farm operators is greater than our count of new small farm units because some operators have obtained already-existing (pre-1970) small units. The number of new small farms created in Fulton and McDonough Counties has declined steadily from 1970: fifty percent were started between 1970 and 1975; thirty-six percent between 1975 and 1980; and the remaining fourteen percent between 1980 and 1985.

Table 2

NUMBER OF FARMS

Year	Category	Fulton County	McDonough County	Illinois
1969	Total Farms	1,772	1,443	123,565
	10-49 Acres	168	144	13,487
1978	Total Farms	1,502	1,236	109,924
	10-49 Acres	186	127	15,815
1982	Total Farms	1,440	1,109	98,483
	10-49 Acres	226	134	15,183
1985	New Small Farms	82	50	?

Source: Authors and U.S. Censuses of Agriculture, State of Illinois, 1969, 1978 and 1982.

A questionnaire was mailed to the resident owners of new small farms in both counties. Many operators returned the questionnaire, and their responses provide a glimpse of their background, answering such questions as how they chose to live where they do and whether they can be considered farmers in a traditional sense.

The general qualities of small farm operators in western Illinois are reflected in Table 3. In both counties surveyed, more operators reported working off the farm than is true for the same size of farm across Illinois. But like other small farmers in Illinois, the most common occupations of informants are in craft and operative categories.[5] In McDonough County, probably because of the influence of Western Illinois University, there is a large share of professionally employed operators. A significant share of the respondents are retired, and because all of these small farms came into existence only after 1970, retirement on the farm must have been an objective of their relocation decision.

Like other part-time farmers in the United States, a large majority of the informants have lived most recently in a town or city. Despite this recent background, and again like their counterparts elsewhere, a large share of the operators have remained in or returned to their county of birth.[6] Among reasons given by the operators for choosing their particular parcel, economic justifications were outweighed by social and aesthetic considerations. The main reason reported for the choice of rural over an urban lifestyle (to get away from urban living) reflects the continuing lure of the agrarian ideal in the United States.[7]

Table 3

NEW SMALL FARM OPERATOR CHARACTERISTICS

Characteristics	Percent of Operators[1] Fulton County	McDonough County
Having Off-Farm Employment	69	81
Employment Category:		
Professional/Technical	0	43
Management/Administrative/Sales	18	7
Clerical	0	0
Craft or Trade	35	29
Operative/Laborer	47	14
Services	0	7
Retired (and as % of respondents who indicated no off-farm employment)	23 (75)	13 (100)
Last Residence in:		
City	28	25
Town	36	44
Farm	36	31
Born in Present County	44	69
Reasons for Choosing Farm Location:		
Purchased from Relative	9	13
On Good Road	6	13
Inexpensive Parcel	6	8
Inherited Parcel	3	0
Scenic View	50	0
Reasons for Choosing Rural Living:		
To Raise Children	31	25
To Get Away from Urban Place	46	42
Grew Up on a Farm	60	69
Spouse Did	36	60
Age:		
Under 40 (Spouse)	31 (26)	31 (43)
40-60 (Spouse)	54 (61)	25 (21)
Over 60 (Spouse)	15 (13)	44 (36)
Consider Self a Farmer	38	50
Income from Farming:		
Income Loss	46	40
None to Half	46	47
Half	0	13
Over Half	8	0
Sample Size	26	16

Source: Authors.

[1]Some percentages may not add to 100 because of incomplete responses to a question, or because the question was not applicable to all informants.

Not surprisingly, most new small farm operators have a farm background. What is somewhat surprising is that the informants are spread rather equally among age divisions. Younger owners probably guarantee that overall small farm numbers will remain fairly stable in the future because few are expected either to expand or give up their operations.[8] Over one-third of Fulton County and one-half of McDonough County residents consider themselves to be farmers, even though most earn little or no income from the sale of agricultural commodities. Some reasons commonly given to justify the claim to be a farmer are: having a lifelong association with agriculture, considering farming to be a "second" occupation, and being proud of the designation. On the other hand, those who do not claim to be a farmer generally emphasize that they earn little or no income from agricultural activity.

The landscape associated with new small farms in western Illinois is somewhat distinct from that of the general run of small farms in Illinois (Table 4). The most notable tendency that new small farms exhibit is to raise hay crops (usually alfalfa) more frequently than other small farms. Hay is probably used to feed animals kept on the new small farms. Although informants were not asked what kinds of animals they raised, it is evident from Table 4 that new small farms specialize in raising livestock to a much greater degree than small farms in general.

Table 4

COMPARISON OF NEW SMALL FARM SAMPLE WITH ILLINOIS FARMS OF 10 TO 49 ACRES BY PERCENT OF FARMS SELLING PRODUCTS

Category	Fulton County	McDonough County	Illinois
Raising Crops	65	69	*
Corn	35	19	31
Soybeans	8	25	31
Hay	35	50	8
Vegetables	4	0	2
Fruits, Berries	4	0	2
Nursery Products	0	0	1
Having Garden	85	75	*
Selling Garden Produce	14	0	7
Raising Livestock	50	67	*
Selling Livestock or Products	23	60	*
Poultry and Poultry Products	*	*	5
Dairy Products	*	*	1
Cattle and Calves	*	*	3
Hogs and Pigs	*	*	16
Sheep, Lambs, and Wool	*	*	5

Sources: Authors and U.S. Census of Agriculture, State of Illinois, 1982.

*Data not available.

SUPPORT FOR NEW SMALL FARMS

Moral, technical, and even financial support for new small farms comes from federal and state governments, from private companies, and from interested individuals. Perhaps the most direct support is from the income tax policy of the federal government, that allows anyone who is involved in agriculture with a profit motive to enjoy considerable advantages. A new, small farmer can depreciate the cost of equipment and buildings, for example, with few questions asked. With substantial income from off-farm employment, many small farmers can fare quite well by using this tax break.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture defines a "small farm" by the value of commodities sold from it, rather than by acreage owned or harvested. A farm that sells from $2,500 to $20,000 of agricultural products is a small farm; a "mini farm" grosses less than $2,500 annually. The Department of Agriculture has written off mini-farms as examples of "resource transfer out of agriculture."[9]

The federal government began to support the concept of small-scale farming in earnest in 1972, with the passage of the Rural Development Act. By 1978, the Department of Agriculture had hosted a small-farm workshop that called for a new focus on the farm family as a production, social, and income-earning unit, and had published its yearbook, *Living on a Few Acres*.[10] A director of small farms research was named in 1982, but wavering support for small farms was demonstrated two years later when the director was reassigned.[11]

At the state government level, support for small-scale farms has become more widespread, but is not as direct as the income tax break granted by the federal government. In some states, notably Missouri, Pennsylvania, and California, but not Illinois, land grant universities disseminate information oriented toward small-scale agriculturalists through newsletters, workshops, and experimental farms. To a limited degree, these measures offset the criticism that land grant institutions have emphasized research benefitting mainly large-scale farmers.[12] An agricultural economist has noted that research focusing on techniques or machines to replace labor do not benefit small farms that already tend to have an adequate supply of that production factor.[13]

Agribusiness companies have taken notice of the rise of new small farms; notable among them is John Deere. For several years now, John Deere's customer magazine, *The Furrow*, has been published in two editions, one for large-scale and one for small-scale operators. At the same time, the company has expanded its line of small tractors and tools to tap the large market that exists because of the repopulation of the countryside. Not to be outdone, the Ford Tractor Company offers a line of scaled-down tractors and equipment, along with its own *Enterprise Farming* magazine for smaller producers. Farmers in Western Illinois have taken advantage of the products and services of both of these companies.

The Rodale Press, long known for its interest in organic farming, has since 1979 published *The New Farm*, a magazine for small-scale producers. Its format is much like that of the *Farm Journal*, and about 500 of its 60,000 subscribers live in Western Illinois counties.[14]

A few private individuals have also made impressive contributions toward promoting and ensuring the economic viability of small farms. Booker T. Whatley, a retired professor of Horticulture from Tuskegee Institute, recommends through his *Small Farm Technical Newsletter* that small farms of up to fifty acres be established within twenty-five miles of a direct market outlet. Intensive cultivation of fruits and vegetables, he suggests, can gross $3,000 per acre on a small farm that follows his recommendations. Whatley has gained considerable notoriety through his strong advocacy of small-scale agriculture.[15] Although Whatley's ideas are most applicable to the South, he would insist that for best results, his style of small farm should be distributed across the country, including the heart of the Corn Belt.

Prospect

The significance of small farms created since 1970 includes these points: they bring more people into the countryside, increasing the vested interest in the well-being of the rural farm population; they bring people with a relatively high level of education into the countryside, further enhancing the possibilities for improved social and economic uplift;[16] and disproportionately to their total acreage, the new small farmers add great potential wealth in the form of practical experience gained in raising crops and livestock.

Because virtually all new small farmers work off the farm, they should have considerable control over the management of their operation. There is little chance, agricultural economists point out, that a small farm, or "dispersed proprietary unit," will become an "industrial" farm, or what is often loosely termed a "corporate" farm.[17] On an industrial farm, labor, management, and landownership are separate. On such a farm, neither the laborer, nor even the landowner would be the manager or decisionmaker. Larger farms, more vulnerable to commodity price changes, are more subject to becoming an industrial farm because of their reliance on outside financing. Because our cherished image of a "family farm" includes a resident laborer, owner, and decisionmaker rolled into one, new small farms are, already, an incarnation of the family farm ideal.

NOTES

[1]Emily Harper, Frederick C. Fliegel, and J. C. Van Es, "Growing Numbers of Small Farms in the North Central States," *Rural Sociology*, 45 (1980), 608-620; Ralph E. Reynolds, "Small Farms: A Surprising Revival," *The Furrow*, 86 (October, 1981), 6-9; Fred Zahradnik, Small Farms on the Rise," *The New Farm*, 4 (January, 1982), 42-43;

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[2]U.S. Bureau of the Census, *1982 Census of Agriculture*, Vol 1, Part 51, U.S. Summary and State Data (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1984).

[3]D. W. Griffin and D. L. Chicoine, *West-Central Illinois: A Regional Profile*, Special Publication 31 (Champaign-Urbana: Cooperative Extension Service, 1974).

[4]U.S. Bureau of the Census, op. cit.

[5]J. C. Van Es, Frederick C. Fliegel, C. Erickson, H. Bakus and Emily Harper, *Choosing the Best of Two Worlds: Small, Part-Time Farms in Illinois*, Agricultural Economics Report Number 185 (Urbana-Champaign: University of Illinois, 1982), 22-23.

[6]Alvin L. Bertrand, "Research on Part-Time Farming in the United States," *Sociologia Ruralis*, 7 (1967), 300.

[7]William L. Bowers, *The Country Life Movement in America, 1900-1920* (Port Washington, New York: Kennikat Press, 1975).

[8]Reynolds, op. cit., p. 9.

[9]Nora L. Brooks, *Minifarms: Farm Business or Rural Residence?* Economic Research Service Agricultural Information Bulletin Number 480 (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1984).

[10]Thomas Carlin, "Small-Farm Component of U.S. Farm Structure," *Structure Issues of American Agriculture*, U.S. Department of Agriculture, Agricultural Economics Report 438 (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1979) 274-277; U.S. Department of Agriculture, *Small-Farm Issues: Proceedings of the ESCS Small-Farm Workshop*, Economics, Statistics, and Cooperative Service Report 60 (Washington, D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1978).

[11]Sara Edenreck, "USDA Funds Small Farms Research," *The New Farm*, 3 (January, 1981), 57; Fred Zahradnik, "USDA Reassigns 'Mr. Small Farms'," *The New Farm*, 6 (January, 1984), 26-27, 32.

[12]Ingolf Vogeler, *The Myth of the Family Farm: Agribusiness Dominance of U.S. Agriculture* (Boulder, Colorado: Westview Press, 1981), 201-208.

[13]Frederick Humphries, "U.S. Small Farm Policy Scenarios for the Eighties," *American Journal of Agricultural Economics*, 62 (1980), 879-888.

[14]Compiled by the authors from circulation data supplied by *The New Farm*, Emmaus, Pennsylvania.

[15]"Small Farms," *The New Yorker*, 57 (December 21, 1981), 34-36; Barbara H. Seeber, "The Producer," *Science 84*, 5 (July/August, 1984), 40-47.

[16]William D. Heffernan, et al, "Part-Time Farming and the Rural Community," *Rural Sociology*, 46 (1981), 258.

[17]William L. Flinn and Frederick H. Buttel, "Sociological Aspects of Farm Size: Ideological and Social Consequences of Scale in Agriculture," *American Journal of Agricultural Economics*, 65 (1980), 946-953; Gene Logsdon and Jim Ritchie, "Can the Family Farm Survive the Eighties? Decade of Decision," *The New Farm*, 3 (January, 1981), 46-51.

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Gordana Rezab

This bibliography is the seventh in a series started in 1981 and appearing in spring issues of *Western Illinois Regional Studies.* Thus far bibliographies of the following West-central Illinois counties have been published: Fulton, Mercer, Henderson, Calhoun, Pike, Adams, Warren, Schuyler and Brown. Entries in these bibliographies consist of separately published monographs, pamphlets, typescripts duplicated for limited private distribution, and maps. The bibliographies do not include periodical or newspaper articles, scrapbooks, manuscripts, or genealogical studies on single families. Biographies of individuals are included only if they contain a significant amount of information on the county. Entries are arranged by major categories.

Several libraries have sizeable collections of materials on McDonough County. The most comprehensive collection is housed in the Western Illinois University Libraries. This collection consists of printed and manuscript materials and photographs. It is supplemented by an extensive vertical file, and by county and municipal records housed in the IRAD Center, also located in the Libraries. Macomb Public Library, the Illinois Historical Society in the University of Illinois Library in Urbana, and the Illinois State Historical Library in Springfield also contain good collections on McDonough County.

The form of entry in this bibliography closely approximates the present standard guides for cataloging in the National Union Catalog and the online bibliographic data bases. However, since local publications often do not contain all bibliographic elements, the form of entry may not always appear consistent.

Local publications are generally issued in small editions and distributed in small geographic areas. This frequently results in few surviving copies. If such a publication has been overlooked and has not been included in this listing, the compiler would greatly appreciate a note to that effect. Please address correspondence to Gordana Rezab, *Western Illinois Regional Studies*, Western Illinois University, Macomb, IL 61455.

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REVIEWS OF BOOKS

THE RIVER AND THE PRAIRIE: A HISTORY OF THE QUAD CITIES 1812-1960, by William Roba. Quad Cities: The Hesperian Press, 1986. Pp. 157. $15.95.

William Roba's book is a narrative history of the Quad Cities of Illinois and Iowa. He states his objective in the opening chapter: ". . . for a century and a half, the settlers and citizens of [the Quad Cities] on either side of the Mississippi River have lacked a common identity. The result is an identity problem unique in American history: continued neglect of a regionally important urban area. . . . This study of a neighborhood community goes to the heart of Quad City autonomy: local politics."

In part, the weakness of Roba's book lies in its scope, which includes far more than politics. In 157 pages, including illustrations, he attempts to present a complete history of the Quad Cities, a metropolitan area in which the principal cities now carry a population exceeding 250,000. His narrative includes a partial account of writers, scholars, businessmen, educators, scientists, and immigrants, most of whom are not mentioned within the context of their political affiliations. There are no graphs or charts showing political breakdown, although a breakdown of the vote in percentages or numbers is occasionally offered. The political portion of each chapter is not located at the chapter's beginning, but is rather confined to a small amount of space near the closing remarks, thus detracting from the impact of this information, if any.

Although politics may be partially responsible for the lack of a common identity within the Quad Cities, one other factor, which Roba ignores, is of far greater significance. The Quad Cities began as distinct villages separated by five or more miles of unsettled land and, in some cases, the unspanned breadth of the Mississippi. Two of the initial cities were in the state of Illinois; the other was in Iowa. By the time the river was laced by bridges, and towns and cities were physically joined by tree-framed avenues, the pride and allegiance to each individual city ran deep in the hearts of its citizens.

Roba, too, displays pride and allegiance. Davenport dominates the text, as does Roba's German-American heritage. A reader from the Illinois side of the river feels slighted. Ethnic groups not- or seldom-mentioned are overwhelmed by their apparent invisibility. Roba would have done far better had he written a book centered upon the German-American heritage of the Quad Cities. Quad Citians need to know their ethnic heritage. They also need translations of texts, including newspaper copy, related to those histories. Or perhaps he should have written a book centered deeply within the socialistic politics of the early 20th century, another of his favorite topics.

In closing, Quad Citians need histories which are thoroughly researched and deeply centered upon specific topics, but they did not and do not need another narrative, popular history.

The River and the Prairie is not indexed and does not contain a bibliography. However, it does contain footnotes, most of which note newspaper sources reflecting Roba's twelve years of study. The book's major value lies in its information related to the German-American community and its possible ability to spark an interest in several fields related to religion or politics in the Quad City area.

LaDonna Backmeyer
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ILLINOIS LITERATURE: THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Edited by John E. Hallwas. Macomb, Illinois: Illinois Heritage Press, 1986. Pp. 286. $15.95.

When my copy of *Illinois Literature: The Nineteenth Century* first arrived, I opened it for a cursory examination to see what I had agreed to review. Late that afternoon I was still lost among the entrees of this smorgasbord of a volume, renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. I suspect that any reader interested in Illinois history will be apt to succumb in the same way.

Editor John Hallwas has collected some one hundred and sixteen selections by 41 writers ranging from 1817 (the year before Illinois became a state) to the early 20th century. Among the collection are voices such as Abraham Lincoln, familiar to all; voices once in high fashion such as Eugene Field, Robert Ingersoll, and Finley Peter Dunne; and voices such as Eliza R. Snow and John Hay who were never household names, but who represent the voices of the people of Illinois. It is this last group of selections which make the book especially valuable, for few of these writers remain alive anywhere else, either in American literature anthologies or in Illinois history courses. And even where the writer is still known, Hallwas has taken care to expand our understanding by publishing new material. My casual typing of Eugene Field as a sentimental newspaper poet, for instance, was at least challenged by the selections here.

In choosing selections for this book, Hallwas has chosen to focus on what he perceives to be one of the enduring and important questions for Illinois writers: the "struggle for a good and just society." From Black Hawk's plea to understand the Indian way to Henry Blake Fuller's urban *Cliff-Dwellers* and Thorstein Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*, the book reflects the growth of both rural and urban Illinois culture. This question of how to live the good life in community, of course, goes back to Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, and followed settlers west, but it found an especially good stage for debate in nineteenth-century Illinois. Illinois' first settlers came down the Ohio River from such states as Kentucky and Tennessee, and moved up the Mississippi. They brought with them a southern idea of community. By mid-century, another wave of immigrants

were coming into Illinois, this time Yankees from New England and New York, with new ideas of community. These were followed by immigrants from Germany and Scandanivia and elsewhere in Europe, searching for community in ways that ranged from conservative to revolutionary. It is this vigorous clash of ideas that Hallwas' collection captures.

One of the results of this emphasis in the collection on the struggle for a good and just society is that most of the selections are non-fiction. There are enough poems, stories, and selections of novels to indicate that the arts were alive in nineteenth-century Illinois, but the most lively sections are the newspaper editorials, sermons, speeches, autobiographies, diaries, letters and political tracts through which the search for a just society was carried on. It is in these impassioned voices that one finds the echoes and antecedents of much twentiety-century Illinois literature. One understands better the cantankerous, pleading, idealistic, cynical voices that haunt Masters' Spoon River or spill out from the Chicago writers of the 1920s and 30s.

Hallwas has supplemented the selections with an introduction which provides a brief but quite specific history of nineteenth-century Illinois literature, placing each of the writers in a broader context. In addition, he has provided a biographical note at the head of each selection, and a selected bibliography of additional works by and about each writer. As often as not, these entries reveal how little critical attention has been paid to many of these important figures in Illinois literature, and ought to whet the appetite of scholars on the lookout for new directions.

In addition, the book ought to serve well as a resource for high school and college classes in Illinois history or literature. Although not complete enough to serve as a text by itself—the longer works are of necessity represented by only a chapter or two—the variety of selections should provide an almost endless impetus for paper, project, and research topics.

As comprehensive as the selections in this anthology might be, given the limitations of space, I would like to have seen several areas given more attention. First, of the 41 writers, only three are women. That seems a low percentage, even for nineteenth-century Illinois. My own feeling also is that the Mississippi River and the military presence in Illinois are both somewhat more important than the selections in this volume would indicate. More important, in a volume that documents the "struggle for a good and just society," there seems to be too little attention paid to the many utopian communities which dotted the 19th century Illinois landscape as they tried to put their preaching into practice. These visions could have used more space.

Nevertheless, these are minor complaints about a problem inherent in any anthology. John Hallwas is to be commended for this addition to his previous works dealing with Illinois history and culture. Each new volume has made life easier for those of us who teach regional studies.

Roald Tweet
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THE LEGACY OF HISTORIC JACKSONVILLE. ITS HOMES AND BUILDINGS. By Jo Anne Beard. Jacksonville, IL. The Historic Preservation Commission, 1986. Pp. ix + 156. $5 from City Clerk, Municipal Building. 62650.

The Legacy of Historic Jacksonville, which was financed in part with a federal grant administered by the Illinois Historic Preservation Agency, covers fifty-three historic homes and sites in Jacksonville in a large format (8 1/2" by 11") paperbound volume. Included is a fold out map with an itinerary to guide the reader to the fifty-three structures for first-hand observation of their architectural features. All but seven of the individual essays were written by Jo Anne Beard, with members of the Historic Preservation Commission of the City of Jacksonville writing the others. Resources consulted are listed on pages 154-55 and some are also included in the body of the text. Considering the number of names mentioned in the descriptions, genealogists and others will be disappointed that the volume lacks an index. The volume is printed in sepia on white which works well enough for the maps and line drawings, but reproductions of photographs are so dark that architectural features are unidentifiable in many of the illustrations. It is indeed unfortunate that the quality of the photographs is so poor in a volume whose purpose "is to acquaint the reader with the history and architectural styles of some homes and buildings within the confines of historic Jacksonville." (vi) At least the price is right: $5.

The bulk of the volume deals with the people who bought the land, erected buildings on it, and lived in (or are still living in) the structures discussed. Jo Anne Beard has done a tremendous amount of good, solid research to ferret out a vast amount of information about these buildings. The reader discovers how frequently land and homes changed hands and learns about the achievements of various owners and their family members and where they are buried. Among the more interesting people encountered in these short biographies are: Dr. Owen M. Long, a friend of Lincoln, Douglas, and Grant; Rev. William H, Milburn, "the blind preacher" and a chaplain of both the U.S House and Senate; John J. Hardin, an exceedingly popular political figure who was killed at age 37 at the Battle of Buena Vista in the Mexican War; Peter Cartwright, the famed Methodist circuit rider; Alexander Platt, a contractor; and Jonathan Baldwin Turner, father of the land grand university. These vignettes are the greatest strength of the volume and are interesting enough to keep the reader's attention through some rather drab information about lot measurements, selling prices, and probable construction dates. Since each description is intended to be complete in itself, repetition becomes a problem. The information in pages 74, 79, and 86 is, for example, identical except for the addresses of the houses. Also, identical maps are repeated on three different pages, four different times in the volume (47, 52, and 62; 75, 80,

and 87; 76, 81, and 88; and 139, 142, and 145); identical photographs are likewise found on pages 54 and 56 and pages 108 and 110.

The chief shortcoming of the volume is that it lacks a consistent design. The author provides detailed descriptions of the architectural features of some houses but says nothing on this subject when discussing others. There are excellent, lengthy descriptions of the Morgan County Courthouse (ten pages) and the home which serves as the presidential residence for MacMurray College (thirteen pages), while several other accounts run less than one full page. There are only a few minor typographical mistakes. One factual error worth correcting is the statement that Illinois College is "the oldest college west of the Alleghenies" (p. 129). In spite of the problems already mentioned, Illinoisians certainly owe a debt of gratitude to Jo Anne Beard for bringing together the most information ever collected in one place on the historic structures of Jacksonville.

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ADELAIDE JOHNSON. TO MAKE IMMORTAL THEIR ADVENTUROUS WILL. By Shirley J. Burton. Western Illinois Monograph Series, Number 7, Macomb: Western Illinois University, 1986. Pp. 93. $3.95.

Shirley Burton's biography of Adelaide Johnson (1859-1955) investigates the extraordinary career of an American sculptor and ardent feminist who was born and raised in the town of Plymouth in west-central Illinois. Ms. Johnson was among a small number of women who struggled to achieve independent professional status as fine artists during a time when most women artists sought careers in the less prestigious 'decorative arts.' Self-avowed sculptor of the women's movement in the early twentieth century, she is perhaps best known for her marble portrait busts of leading feminists of her time like Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Lucretia Mott. Ms. Johnson's idealistic feminism, her recovery from a debilitating accident early in her career, her unconventional marriage to a man twelve years her junior, and her resourcefulness amid frequent financial worries and professional disappointments, make her a deserving subject for biography. Indeed, the conflicts many modern women feel between career goals and more traditional roles as mothers and wives were keenly felt by Adelaide Johnson, and these issues make her life of considerable interest for a contemporary audience.

Ms. Burton's biography is the first published study devoted to Adelaide Johnson, but it follows by five years a comprehensive doctoral dissertation on the professional life of the artist by Ann Henderson ("Adelaide Johnson. Issues of Professionalism for a Woman Artist," George Washington University, 1981). This dissertation contains a complete and illustrated catalogue of the seventy known works of Adelaide Johnson, refers substantially to the artist's voluminous diaries and notes, and is a

valuable resource for anyone interested in a more detailed account of the artist's career.

Burton's book is not an exhaustive chronological biography of Adelaide Johnson; rather it selects certain events or periods in the artist's life for investigation. The most dramatic of these events (as well as the focus of the book's first chapter) is the artist's accidental fall into an elevator shaft while working in Chicago as an interior decorator and art teacher. After nearly two years of recuperation from a fractured hip and other injuries, Ms. Johnson received an insurance settlement of $15,000 dollars which enabled her to travel to Europe to study sculpture and quite literally change the course of her life. Other events and experiences include Johnson's "pioneer roots" in Plymouth, Illinois, her artistic training and feminist indoctrination at the St. Louis School of Design under the school's founder and state suffrage organizer Mary Foote Henderson, her later training as a sculptor in Rome, her struggle for recognition as an artist during the Columbian Exhibition in Chicago in 1892, and her marriage to Alexander Jenkins early in 1896, which ended in divorce in 1907 following a long period of separation. In 1921 Johnson completed a large marble monument entitled "The Woman's Movement" which featured the busts of Anthony, Stanton, and Mott. The work, commissioned by the National Women's Party, was unveiled at the United States Capitol in Washington, D.C., though it is no longer on public display. "The Woman's Movement" fulfilled Johnson's hope for recognition both as an artist and as a humanitarian idealist, but these dual hopes were not always happily combined during her long and often frustrating career.

The theme which Burton stresses throughout her biography is the artist's determination and confidence. For instance, the information gleaned from local records about Johnson's father, a restless pioneer who traveled to California during the Gold Rush, is later brought to bear in tracing Johnson's determined spirit to her pioneer roots: "No less a pioneer than her father, Adelaide Johnson was equally unafraid to take an untried path or stake an unproved claim. While Christopher Johnson tried his hand at panning for gold and town building, his daughter chose a broader and more subtle frontier. She went armed not with a miner's pick, but a sculptor's mallet" (p. 70).

Courage and determination also figure strongly in the author's account of Johnson's recovery from her accident, in her pursuit of a profession in which few women participated, and in her effort to combine the need for companionship in a marital relation with the equally strong desire for freedom and independence as an artist.

While the importance of courage and self-confidence should not be overlooked in any account of Adelaide Johnson, there are other traits and circumstances, less emphasized by Burton, which seem to provide a broader understanding of the artist's character. First, Burton makes little effort to analyze the frequent problems the artist had with commissions

and contracts. Virtually all of her major commissions involved misunderstandings, bitterness (on more than one occasion this led to litigation), and frustration. One such misunderstanding took place between Johnson and Susan B. Anthony concerning the disputed ownership of portraits of feminist leaders, as the Henderson dissertation points out. Such a record indicates that Adelaide Johnson overestimated both the interest of her idealistically minded audience in seeing their thoughts put in visible form as well as the rhetorical power of art in her own day. Although Burton recognizes that Johnson's art was essentially political in the sense of being a means towards an (humanitarian) end, she seems to have chosen not to admit that such a view regarding the purpose of art was neither financially practical nor professionally rewarding. In pursuing a single-minded ideal throughout her long life, Johnson finally found solace in suffering, self-pity, and the hope that history would vindicate her. A discussion of these attitudes, moreover, would have provided an insight into the artist's intellectual development and the spiritual climate of the late nineteenth century. In short, a more sobering view of Johnson's determination might have been developed together with the more conventional associations with courage in the face of adversity or an heroic spirit. Indeed, Henderson, in her dissertation, is more equivocal in her estimation of the artist: "Adelaide Johnson never resolved her dilemma over professional goals. Dedicating her art to the woman's revolution, she adopted a typically feminine professional commitment to broader social goals; by insisting on financial recognition of her art, she also accepted the values of her artistic, mostly male, professional contemporaries. This ambivalence over professional goals created an unhappy, frustrated professional artist who ended her life as a professional martyr" (pp. 225-26).

Although Burton's study is a biography rather than an art historical monograph, the lack of more and better illustrations is disappointing. The artist completed more than seventy works, but only three portrait busts are illustrated, and the photograph of "The Woman's Movement" is poor. Only the illustrated portrait by Mary Whiting numbers among Johnson's more successful character studies, and there is a lack of comparative material for the reader to sense the meaning of relative terms like realism and idealism. Certainly better illustrations and reference to works by other contemporary artists of the period would have helped to improve the chapters on artistic training and expression.

I did not find *Adelaide Johnson: To Make Immortal Their Adventurous Will* entirely satisfying either as biography or as art history. In only seventy-four pages of text, it is difficult to vividly re-create the subject's personality or to fully provide an appreciation of an artist's production over an active career of almost thirty years. But if the faults in the book stem in part from its brevity, they also are the result of the oversimplification of complex issues and of questionable judgment in the selection and presentation of source material. Still, Burton's book, her first,

succeeds in introducing the reader to a talented and strong-willed woman whose life elucidates many of the significant social and political struggles of women in her time, and in ours.

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